

**A Review of
PORTION in AMERICA**
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NATIONAL REVIEW

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Our Nuclear Umbrella Designed by Carter

Adm. Thomas H. Moorer and
Norman B. Hannah Analyze SALT

Also In This Issue:

Donald Coxe on the Conservative Victory in Canada
Rickenbacker on John Leonard ♦ Also Brian Crozier,
Selden Rodman, M. J. Sobran, D. Keith Mano



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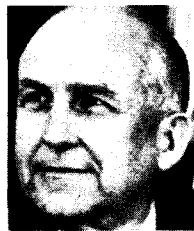
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The one carat diamond shown is enlarged for detail.
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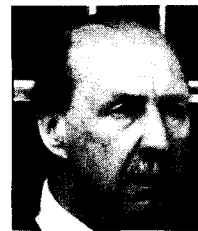
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Letters

Liberty

Ernest van den Haag and Lawrence V. Cott should be applauded for exposing so thoroughly the implicit statism of the Cato Institute, Murray Rothbard, and *Inquiry* magazine [Libertarians and Conservatives," June 8]. But I wish Mr. van den Haag, who was certainly allotted enough space, had recounted more thoroughly the battles going on inside the libertarian movement. Van den Haag mentions the moderation of *Reason* magazine only between parentheses. He thus gives the impression that libertarianism is a kind of anti-American monolith, when it is no such thing. *Inquiry* and Rothbard represent only one branch of libertarianism in the United States. *Reason* is edited by honorable men who make the apposite distinctions between the U.S. and Russia, who applaud America for the freedoms it does provide, but who (like conservatives) have some intelligent criticisms of current public policy. Tibor Machan and Robert J. Poole are among several who come to mind, men who argue with the editors of *Inquiry* as often and as effectively as they do with socialists.

Michael Dunnigan
Ramsey, N.J.

Highs and Lows

Since roughly late last year, "Cato" has become a high point in each issue. Thanks, and keep up the good work.

David Rowland
Portland, Ore.

In "For the Record" [April 27], you attribute the Washington gossip column, "Ear," to the *Washington Post*. It is actually a regular feature of the *Washington Star*.

W. Brown Morton Jr.
King George, Va.

Makin' Bacon

I found a small but gross mistake in "The Week" section [May 25] of my favorite magazine. Your writer correctly notes that Senator Hatch is sponsoring legislation for a repeal of the Davis-Bacon Act. You then suggest that he either voted for or acquiesced in the passage of a Senate Human Resources Committee bill "that extended Bacon-Davis to the construction of medical facilities."

You are mistaken. The Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee legislation to which you refer is the so-called Health Planning Amendments of 1979, S-544, which passed the Senate on May 1. This bill does not extend Davis-Bacon

or include anything in it which aids or abets its extension in the medical industry. It does include a provision (like the ones included in 72 other existing laws) recognizing Davis-Bacon's enactment as it affects S-544. That is, this Health Planning bill acknowledges Davis-Bacon, but does not further extend it.

For the record, Senator Hatch has taken advantage of every opportunity as a high-ranking member of the Senate Resources Committee to urge the annihilation of Davis-Bacon, and certainly has done more than anyone to suit his actions to these words.

Ronald F. Docksai
Legislative Counsel
U.S. Senator Orrin G. Hatch
Washington, D.C.

Bane of the Jews

In "Fiddler in the Basement" [April 27] D. Keith Mano displays a pronounced ignorance of the variety of Hassidic life. The particular Hassidic group which held the anti-Israel rally at the Felt Forum, and which was the subject of Mr. Mano's article, is but one extreme segment of the Hassidic community; it does not speak for the entire Hassidic community, which on the whole supports the state of Israel. For Mr. Mano to disregard this is inexcusable ignorance at best, and, at worst, a heavy-handed attempt to discredit an entire movement which has had a profound impact on Judaism. If Mr. Mano is truly interested in learning about, rather than making fun of, Hassidism, we recommend the works of Martin Buber.

Furthermore, Mr. Mano's method of critique should be despised by all; hyperbole and stereotyping abound. Mr. Mano's attempts at humor are not amusing; they are insulting. NATIONAL REVIEW, however, is to be commended for publishing this article so close to International Holocaust Day and the 36th anniversary of the Jewish uprising against the Nazis in the Warsaw ghetto. It is good for all Jews, Hassidic or otherwise, to be reminded that literature of the type exemplified by "Fiddler in the Basement" is, unfortunately, still very much with us.

Joseph Allerhand
Wendy J. Kuppermann
Naomi Jones
Forest Hills, N.Y.

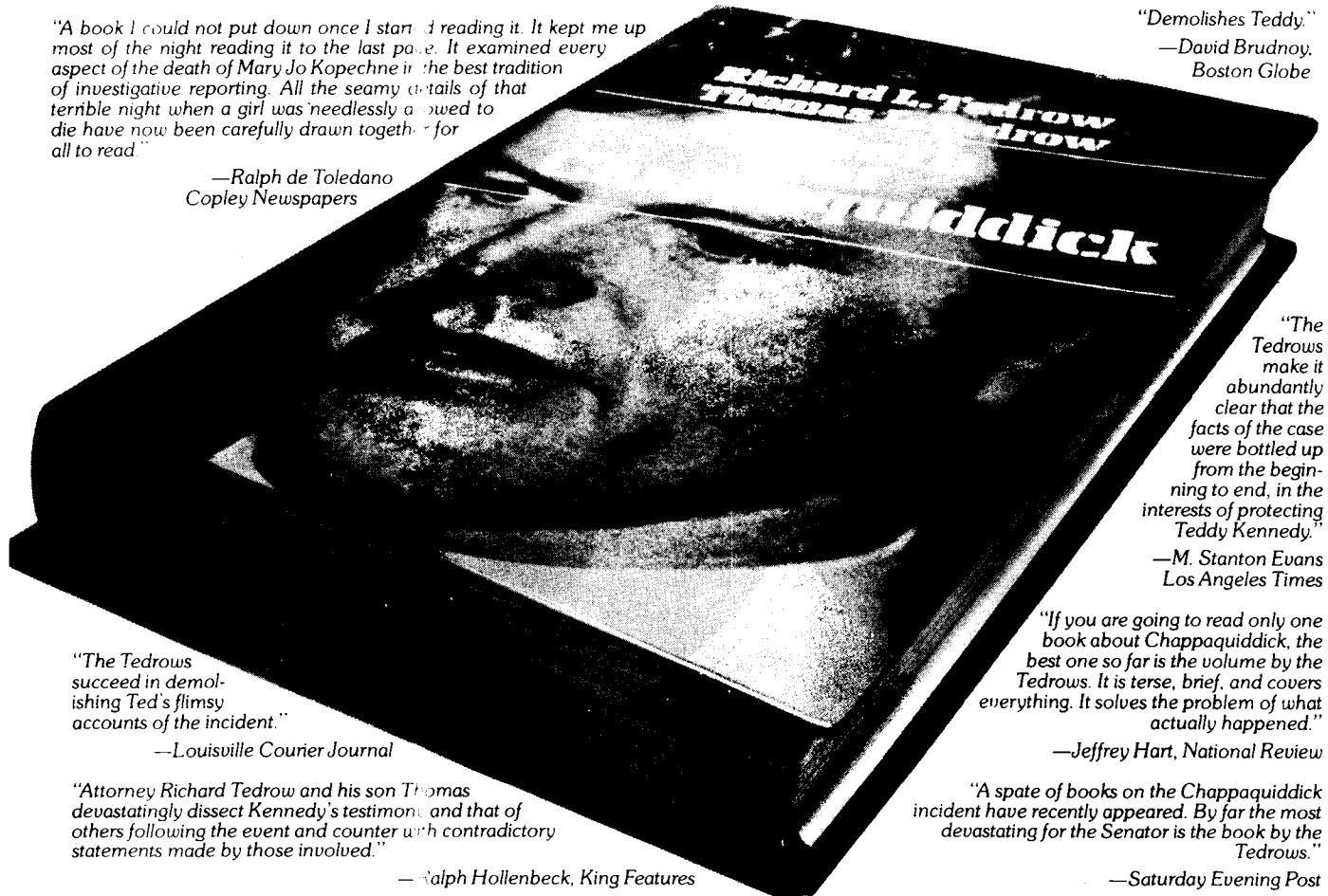
Reading NR regularly has been an almost unbroken pleasure for several years. Having said that, I must add that I have long since given up trying to decipher the pseudo-hip and unintelligible writing of

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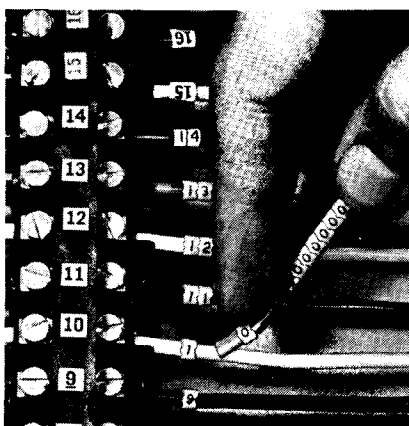
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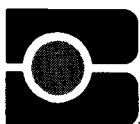
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D. K. Mano. It is only when he presumes to write on Jewish subjects that I am compelled to read it in order to determine how many mistakes he can compress into a few hundred words.

Among his most recent series of transgressions: 1) He writes that Hebrew is the language of complaint. He no doubt means Yiddish. 2) Hassidim normally speak Yiddish, not Hebrew. 3) Hassidim do not all wear the same color and style of clothing. He is misinformed. 4) There is a reason why they do not shave. 5) There is a reason why they do not shake hands with women. It has absolutely nothing to do with whether the women are Jewish. They do not shake hands. Thus we are not a "choosy chosen people," as Mano foolishly writes. 6) "Kaddish," a word that Mr. Mano uses, is a prayer for the dead. Kiddush, which is the word he means, was the prayer made over a cup of wine. It was not made by President Carter, as Mano's sentence structure would seem to indicate. 7) I have been a student of Yiddish for many years and have never heard the word "fitutzed," which the author uses. 8) The word Hassid does not mean pious. It means follower. 9) His comment about trading Hassidim for PLO adherents is insulting.

10) Finally, the tenor and tone of the article are condescending and poke fun at a group about which Mano apparently knows very little. I object strongly to his condescension and to his ignorance.

*Morris Rombro
Buffalo, N.Y.*

D. Keith Mano's "Fiddler in the Basement" disgraced *NR*. To counter Hassidic propaganda and "their righteous nerve," Mano appealed to the reader's emotions: an attempt that descended into error and malice.

It is not that Hassidic men "can't press" *shiksa* flesh. They won't even kiss their wives in public. Even if a sect did suffer the "demagoguery" of aged leaders, *NR* should not tolerate this sort of disparagement: "The zealot will break through: to kiss some overknuckled, arthritic hand: relics still alive." Mano exemplifies unfairness, irreverence, tastelessness, and callousness: "Black suit, black hat, black footgear: somewhere the Talmud must expatiate on lint. Also corrective lenses: this is a myopic sect; most are under glass. And they outhair *Hair*: beard and sidelock: Gillette would do a Sweeney Todd on its corporate throat." More grist for those antisemitic mills?

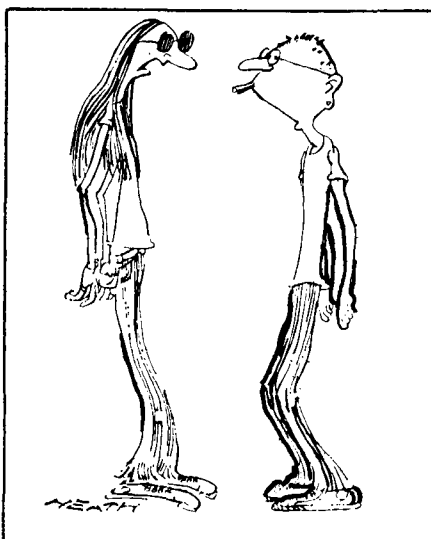
I am deeply offended. Hassidim may or may not be "insoluble in polite society," but Mano is insoluble in respectable forums.

*Helen Miller
New York, N.Y.*

FOR THE RECORD

■ Presidential aide **Tim Kraft** admits the White House is bollixed by the mushrooming draft-**Kennedy** sentiment "How," he asks, "would you go about organizing against a phantom candidate anyway?" . . . Rep. **Floyd Fithin** (D., Ind.) thinks he knows what's behind the Kennedy surge. "Two hundred years of living in a cornucopia is over. I think the whole 'turn to Teddy' movement is a yearning to ignore that fact, a yearning to go back to Camelot." . . . **Carter** lost one when his aides failed to persuade New York Democrats to move the filing day for the N.Y. primary ahead of the New Hampshire primary. This could have embarrassed Teddy. The date is now set for one month after N.H. . . . He lost another when emissaries failed to get a re-election endorsement for him from Rep. **Morris Udall**, a Carter rival in the '76 campaign, and that story was leaked. . . . On the plus side, while **George Meany** and **Lane Kirkland** remain opposed to SALT II, **Lloyd McBride** of the Steelworkers—usually a hardliner—says he's for it, joining more liberal labor leaders **Jerry Wurf** and **William Winpisinger**.

■ **Three Mile Island** hasn't turned Americans against nuclear power. **Gallop** finds that 56 per cent of the people think nuclear plants are less of a risk to the nation than an energy shortage; **Roper** shows Americans 2 to 1 (57 to 29 per cent) in favor of continued nuclear plant construction. . . . Sen. **Gary Hart**, whose subcommittee is investigating Three Mile Island, says he thinks the anti-nuclear people "have an obligation to tell us where the energy's going to come from. Where are we going to take up the slack?" . . . But the anti-nuclear campaign is the hottest issue the aging New Left has found since Vietnam. They were out in



Heath, Punch

Rotheo

"I'm a fallout from a nuclear family."

strength at the anti-nuke demonstrations June 2 and 3: **Pete Seeger** ("I think it's immoral to take risks for people not yet born"), also **David Dellinger** and **Jerry Rubin** (Chicago 7). Rubin, who climbed over a fence at the Shoreham, L.I. demonstration, was ecstatic: "I wanted to make a statement and a symbolic act by being arrested." . . . "Ban the Nukes" bumper stickers are blossoming on college campuses, but so are, here and there, other bumper stickers: "When you're cold and hungry, eat an environmentalist."

■ The Communist *Daily World* is seriously displeased with **Joan Baez** (front page editorial) for her attack on the Vietnam Revolution, which—deponeth the *World*—"has been one of the most tolerant, even gentle, toward its opponents in the history of revolutions and civil wars." The *World*, however, was heartened that "the overwhelming majority of those who were active in the protests against the Vietnam War have refused to sign [Baez's] ugly document."

. . . **Andy Young** put his foot in it again last week by failing "to see any difference in the so-called due process of Florida [the execution of **John Spenke-link**] last week and the so-called due process of [Ayatollah] **Khomeini**." Even **Carter** called him down, and Rep. **Dan Lungren** (R., Calif.) has called for Young's resignation. . . . And in Los Angeles last week, the people voted to recall pro-busing Board of Education President **Howard Miller** by 58 per cent. Miller apparently learned little from *NR* Publisher **Bill Rusher**, his regular (1975-1977) opposing counsel on the popular *The Advocates* TV show.

■ Looking ahead: In Connecticut there are reports that the two leading Democratic contenders for retiring Sen. **Abraham Ribicoff's** seat, Reps. **Christopher Dodd** and **Toby Moffett**, may, rather than fight it out, decide who will go for Ribicoff's seat and who will take on **Lowell Weicker** in '82. . . . **Susan Marshner's** "The Political Report" (New Right) says some Connecticut conservatives are urging a **James Buckley** candidacy: "He is the one person who could tie together the diverse conservative groups here," one of them told her. . . . Conservatives in Oklahoma dismayed that Rep. **Mickey Edwards** has decided to stay in the House rather than run for seat Republican Sen. **Henry Bellmon** is relinquishing. . . . And in New Hampshire, former *NR* staffer **Tony Campaigne** is in the race to unseat Sen. **John Durkin** (ACA 10 per cent; ADA 85 per cent).

■ Caption under a **New China** release showing a Red Chinese official decorating soldiers returning from Vietnam. He complimented them on having "distinguished themselves in the self-defensive counterattack against Vietnamese aggressors."

THE WEEK

■ This just in from the Department of Energy: Motorists with odd-numbered names will hereafter be required to drive on even-numbered roads, and vice versa, unless you display three special dispensation stamps on your windshield, which may be purchased at all post offices or from members of Congress.

■ In January President Carter sent to the Congress a "stringent budget" for fiscal year 1980 (10/79 to 10/80) with a deficit of \$28 billion. In May the Congress did him one better—an "austere budget" with a deficit of \$23 billion. Not that the Congress' budget spends a dime less than the President's, mind you. They both look to spending \$532 billion in 1980. The Congress proved it was more austere than the President was stringent by assuming the Treasury would collect \$5 billion more in tax revenues. Speaking of taxes, they are rising. That balanced budget promised for 1981 will be, due to inflation, squeezing \$17 billion more out of taxpayers by pushing them into higher brackets.

■ The Supreme Court has ruled, 6 to 3, that individuals can sue private schools that practice sex discrimination. Formerly the Federal Government had to bring the suit, but the Court found in Title IX (the 1972 amendments to the 1964 Civil Rights Act) an implied right of individual action. The Justice Department reversed its earlier position to support the new right: "If the broadly remedial purpose of Title IX is to be realized, enforcement should not be relegated entirely to federal agencies whose resources are necessarily limited." Relegated! The enforcement of federal law *relegated* to federal agencies! What the Court has done is to give a new harassing power against private institutions (whose resources are necessarily limited). If Congress had intended such a power (dissented White, Blackmun, and Powell) it would have said so. The actual result of this ruling will be to make colleges wary of rejecting any potential plaintiff. The losers will be qualified members of non-victim categories.

■ If Rowland Evans and Robert Novak are right, President Carter is about to prove the old saw about history once again. After describing a confidential March 12 memo in which the Joint Chiefs of Staff warn President Carter of five serious "ambiguities" in the draft SALT II text, the columnists report that military leaders expect the President "to deal with some of these

'ambiguities' by the simple expedient of 'unilateral' U.S. statements before, during, and after the Vienna summit. . . ." This is precisely the method used to serve notice on the USSR of our interpretation of certain key "ambiguities" in SALT I. (See also Admiral Moorer's article, p. 787.) The USSR handily frustrated these attempts by refusing to be drawn into any backdoor tacit understandings based on our unilateral interpretations. One measure of their success is Soviet possession of 308 gigantic ICBMs which we would have excluded by unilateral definition. Having failed, we now have accepted the Soviet definition of "light" and "heavy" missiles in SALT II. Atlanta may be the Athens of the South but clearly its favorite son is not about to cause that great classicist, Hegel, to modify his premise that, "Peoples and governments never have learned anything from history, or acted on principles deduced from it."

■ Andrei Sakharov described the Three Mile Island incident as "technical discomfort" rather than an "accident," and said that it ought not deter the West from further developing its nuclear energy. Strengthening his earlier warning "that there exists a political interest on the part of the Soviet Union in exploiting—and therefore in creating—energy shortages in the West" (*NR* Feb. 2, 1979), Sakharov added recently in Cologne that if the West curtails its development of nuclear energy, it will lose "very important advantages in economic competition with the Soviet Union and other socialist countries."

■ Justice Thurgood Marshall has lashed out at his Supreme Court colleagues, charging them with insensitivity to the plight of indigent prisoners, to the requirements of a free and vital press, that sort of thing. The big news was that a High Court justice would publicly attack his colleagues at all. He did it all right, and at a judicial conference. Many in the audience, reports Tom Goldstein of the *New York Times*, "gasped" at his remarks. Marshall even urged district and appellate judges to construe "narrowly" those decisions he disapproves of: "Ill-conceived reversals should be considered as no more than temporary interruptions," i.e. of the great progressive trend. An indecorous performance. On the other hand, it may contribute to a healthy demystification of our last sacred elite, the imperial judiciary.

■ The Communist Party of France returned to the fold last month when Georges Marchais was re-elected Secretary General after he a) broke off the last tenuous ties with the Socialist Party of France and b) formally pledged his allegiance to Moscow. In the best authoritarian tradition of Stalinist days, Marchais also forced the ouster of his chief rival, Roland Leroy, from the Secretariat. Boris Ponomarev, the honcho who handles all official Soviet contacts with the Communist parties

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Where else in the U.S.A. can you attend an important business meeting at nine o'clock in the morning and hear senior officials of a major national enterprise discussing a basketball game played the previous evening? A basketball game played in Seattle the previous evening? The answer, fellow sports fanatics, is Washington, D. of C., where the sports and political cultures are so frequently analogized that they seem in peril of surrendering their separate identities.

We first noticed the omnipresence of the sports metaphor during the days of Watergate. The political press was kicking Nixon around again, this time with decisive vigor. As a prominent editor put it to us at the time, "we're putting on the full-court press." And they did, with a sense of team play that Chinese acrobats would envy. What caught the eye from a journalistic viewpoint, however, was what was happening-baby on the sports pages. In most towns, as real Americans understand, the sports section is the toy department of the modern newspaper. A sports writer is respected for his capacity to consume beer, play cards, and otherwise entertain the players on long airplane trips. He makes it an article of professional faith to report only what happens on the field of play. All of the good stories are proscribed by the timeless jock commandment to "leave it in the locker room."

In Washington, D. of C., however, there is no toy department. Indeed, there are no sports writers. Only Serious Journalists. And such folk are not about to let a constitutional crisis pass

under their noses unexploited. While the political people were putting on the full-court press, uncovering Nixon's game plan, frustrating Administration attempts at the big-play offense, and bearing down on the GOP's long-ball hitters, the sports people were developing their own scenarios, applying the shoe leather to investigative stories, and reporting intrinsically implausible conversations with usually reliable sources.

It was at this electric moment in journalistic history that one George Allen moved into the spotlight. Allen was a football coach, a *winning* football coach for the Washington Redskins. He worked his players hard, he worked his coaches hard, he worked himself hard, and there were even stories that he spied on other teams to see how hard they were working. He ate lots of ice cream, trudged home every night to his nuclear family in the suburbs, and solemnly informed the press that he owed all of his success to hard work.

Unhappily for Allen, but inevitably, Nixon loved him. Couldn't get enough of him. Here was a guy who came from nowhere, not one of those Ivy League jerks. Here was a guy who knew what it was like to be the underdog, to play the big game, to come out on top after the pipsqueak press had written him off. Here was a guy, Nixon must have thought, who knows what it's like . . . to be me.

The Nixon-Allen honeymoon lingered for a full year. Nixon saw his chance to come off as a regular guy with sports fans, while Allen saw his chance to be more than just a football coach. One could easily imagine Allen saying to himself, "Who knows, one of these

days I might be playing in the really big leagues, with guys like Rebozo." The relationship became so close at one point that Nixon actually began to diagram plays for Coach Allen. The armchair quarterback in this case was his Commander-in-Chief, so Allen sent in one of the plays. It went for no yardage, of course, and Nixon returned quietly to his armchair. But the Nixon-Allen knot was tied.

Back at the political beat, meanwhile, the Serious Journalists were piling up points on Nixon, heading for a TKO. When he finally tossed in the towel in the summer of 1974, the press organized a national orgy of self-congratulation. The average member of Sigma Delta Chi received 3.7 plaques. While some of the citizenry remained unimpressed by the campaign, the sports writers were hit with bolts of greed and envy. Poor George Allen.

The first stories were about his unusual personal habits. It seems that he was a bit of a loner, uncomfortable with people, without close friends. And the way he worked! He cared only about winning and nothing for the people he chewed up in the course of doing so. He had no interests outside of football and no use for small talk. Worse, he was suspicious of the press and secretive about his game-plans. At times he became strangely uncommunicative, unreachable even by his closest associates. And finally there were reports of irregularities in expense accounts, some of them involving improvements to Allen's private home.

Well, friends, the parallels with you-know-who were, you know, eerie. There was really only one thing to do with Allen. He had to be impeached. —Cato

of Western Europe, was on hand for the celebrations. He had absented himself from the French Party congresses since 1976, when Marchais, Enrico Berlinguer in Italy, and Santiago Carillo in Spain created the concept of a non-Kremlin-directed Eurocommunism. In France, it hasn't taken.

■ If the Russians are going to steal our secrets, we at least expect them to go to the trouble of hiring people like Alger Hiss. Accordingly, the Commerce Department and other federal agencies monitor all trade deals between the United States and the Soviet Union to make sure that sensitive technology does not wander casually away. Comes now Lawrence J. Brady, director of the

Office of Export Administration, who brands the program "a total shambles." "The system is in really bad shape," Brady is reported to have told the House Armed Services subcommittee. "We have a larger backlog of cases than we've ever had and we're getting more in." What sort of case slips through? Little things, like engines from the Kama River truck plant (built courtesy of Ford) finding their way into armored personnel carriers. How many deals were rejected last year? Only about three hundred of out seven thousand, mostly by the Pentagon. What are the best bets for investors? Rope looks good, and gallows traps are doing nicely.

■ On the grounds that for "too many years we have

Joan Baez, Too

Allen Ginsberg is very upset.

I. F. Stone says he's feeling betrayed.

Eating lettuce like mad, César Chavez is sad.

Norman Cousins would sever all aid.

William Styron is suitably blue.

Daniel Berrigan moans a lament.

The way Hanoi behaves, with a penchant for slaves,
Is apparently not what they meant.

W. H. VON DREELE

had no adequate means of informing ourselves of the situation there," the Thatcher government has established a diplomatic representation in Rhodesia. Doing its best to keep a stiff upper lip, the Carter Administration said the move was "entirely a matter for the British government." It was left to the London *Daily Telegraph* to say what the Administration undoubtedly knew: Mrs. Thatcher "has formally tapped the tombstone into place on the Anglo-American plan" for Rhodesia.

■ Valentin Moroz, one of the five Soviet prisoners released in April, has already gone on the offensive. Speaking in Philadelphia, the Ukrainian dissident said that Western travelers to the 1980 Olympic games in Moscow should refuse to take the thoroughly guided tours that Soviets are planning and should instead demand to be allowed to travel freely. If the Soviets refuse to grant freedom of movement, says Moroz, the West should immediately boycott the games.

■ "THERE ARE TOO FREE LUNCHES," gloats the *Midweek Sun*, a paper in the San Francisco area, referring to a program under which local hospital cafeteria workers will be given one free meal a day. The program will cost nearly half a million dollars.

■ People who think television has no standards should consider the case of Texas evangelist James Robison. Robison used to have a weekly show on a Dallas station, but he persisted in including homosexuality among the sins condemned by the Bible, along with murder, drunkenness, and adultery. This led local homosexual organizations to complain that they were being "attacked" and to demand, under the Fairness Doctrine, equal time. The station got fed up and abruptly cancelled Robison's show. Then Robison's hour-long special, a documentary called "End of an Outrage," was rejected by 16 other stations around the country (about sixty accepted it). Mike Huckabee, a spokesman for Robison's organization, cites a number of reasons for the rejections—too violent, too controversial, and so forth—but says the "funniest" came from a Washing-

ton, D.C. station official: "He said he might get litigation from child abusers and pornographers."

■ When nuclear debates approach the melt-down point, try this as an ECCD (Emergency Cretin Cooling Device): "Our monster cities . . . might now be humanized, broken into smaller communities powered by nuclear energy" ("Port Huron Statement," Students for a Democratic Society, 1962). For long-term action, prescribe a subscription to *Access to Energy*, a "pro-science, pro-technology, pro-free enterprise monthly newsletter," Petr Bechmann, publisher, Box 2298, Boulder, Colorado, 80306. Mr. Beckmann's previous books include *Health Hazards of Not Going Nuclear* and *Nuclear Proliferation: How to Blunder into Promoting It*. *Access*, a monthly, offers some of the best running coverage around.

■ The Concord, New Hampshire board of education lately decided that *Ms.* magazine, with its articles on matters like lesbianism, was unfittin' for high school kids; so *Ms.* was removed from the Nashua High library. Then a federal judge ruled that the board had violated the First Amendment, and ordered *Ms.* restored. The board is appealing. If the courts sustain the ruling, we may soon learn whether the Constitution requires schools to subscribe to *Hustler*.

■ "You get older, you get smarter," says basketball player Bill Walton, explaining his newly trimmed beard, conservative clothes, and \$800,000-per-year contract with the San Diego Clippers.

■ Mr. Bruce Bradshaw set just the right tone for the week by parachuting 3,500 feet into a martini. A splendid feat, even though the martini filled a ten-foot pool and was certified the world's largest. Mr. Bradshaw carried his own olive, and may still be splashing around. Is this the long-awaited cultural renaissance?

The Concrete Cracks

For the Communist regime in Poland, and indeed for every Communist regime in the Soviet empire, June is turning out to be the cruelest month, breeding lilacs out of the Communist dead land. Returning to Poland, Pope John Paul II did not bend over backward to be diplomatic. He did not have to. There was nothing the regime could do about it. When John Paul set foot on his native soil, it was instantly apparent who possessed legitimacy and who did not.

Hundreds of thousands of people greeted the Pope's public appearances in an atmosphere of celebration and joy. Virtually every house along his route displayed a

papal flag, some a shrine, many photographs of the Pope.

Confronting the Warsaw regime, the Pope demanded that "all the children of pre-school age have easy access to Christ." This directly criticized Communist policy of preventing young children from receiving religious instruction.

Deep in the Communist empire, the Pope spoke not only to Poland but also to her oppressed neighbors: "He comes here," said John Paul II, "to speak before the whole Church, before Europe and the world, of those often forgotten nations and peoples. He comes here to cry 'with a loud voice.' He comes here to embrace all these peoples, together with his own nation, and to hold them close to the heart of the Church, to the heart of the Mother of the Church, in whom he has unlimited trust."

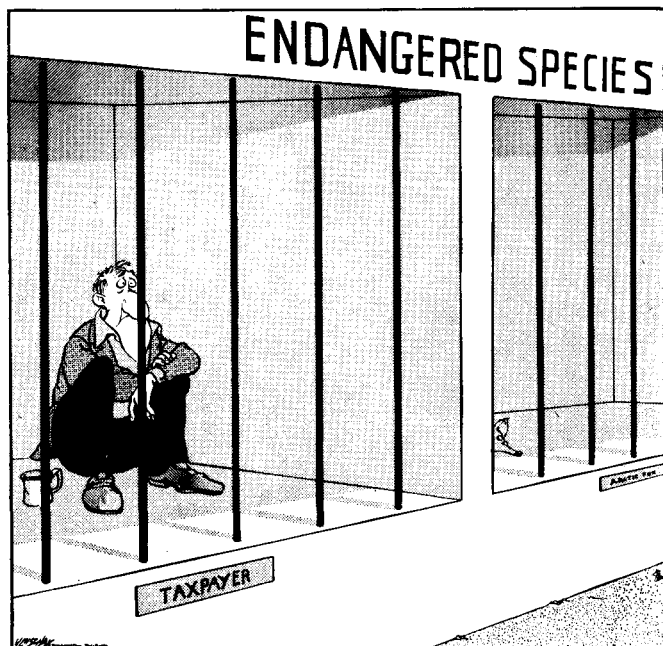
Ilya Ehrenburg once remarked that if you covered the entire world with concrete, a crack would appear and through it grass would sprout. In Poland, a wide crack opened in the concrete, and John Paul II, who may prove the most important man in the world today, pries it ever wider.

Presidential Politics

According to a recent *Boston Globe* poll, Ronald Reagan would today score 44 per cent in a New Hampshire Republican primary. Indeed, Reagan's stance now resembles that of an incumbent more than that of a front-runner. While not campaigning, he has opened the distance between himself and his Republican rivals. He has passed Carter in some polls. His organization in Los Angeles is large, professional, and now smooth-running. On board are some of the genuinely best and brightest, including: John Sears, Martin Anderson (*The Federal Bulldozer*, *Welfare*, Hoover Institution), Richard Whalen (*Catch the Falling Flag*). In 1980, Reagan will not enter New Hampshire with a \$90-billion-tax-cut political albatross around his neck. The rich get richer: Reagan also figures to benefit from disarray in the Crane campaign.

But the path to the nomination in Detroit is not altogether clear for Reagan. One of the principal obstacles shaping up is John Connally, gaining support among political professionals that has not yet been translated into poll figures. Connally's campaign is ahead of schedule organizationally. In a recent speech at the Detroit Economic Club, Connally abandoned his former balanced-budget position and came out for a supply-side tax cut along Kemp-Roth lines. According to columnists Evans and Novak, prominent figures in attendance, not necessarily Connally supporters, considered Connally's prepared address one of the greatest political speeches they had ever heard.

In Texas, Connally showed wise restraint in not pressing for an early presidential primary. If Connally cannot win in Texas, he probably cannot win anywhere. It



Ulus, *Edmonton Journal*

Rothco

doesn't matter when the Texas primary occurs. To use political muscle to move it up would have reinforced Connally's image as a wheeler-dealer, his biggest handicap.

On the Democratic side, political demoralization in the Carter White House approaches total. The belief there is virtually universal that if Senator Kennedy seeks the nomination, nothing can save Carter. A moment unique in the history of the Presidency. In Congress, Carter has achieved negative clout. Let him propose something, and it seems *eo ipso* doomed. Out in the country itself, Democratic candidates race to put blue water between themselves and the President. Carter's recent political trips to Iowa and California were non-productive at best. Draft-Kennedy movements are sprouting like fungi.

Forces that may be irresistible are pushing the senator from Massachusetts toward a nomination he probably doesn't want for a position in which he would be unsuitable.

Rhetorical Decontrol

Maybe if the Soviet Union opened an oil company, the Carter Administration would develop an effective foreign policy. Certainly the oil companies are the President's pet target, the only institutions he attacks with convincing gusto. Carter's latest victim was the Mobil Corporation, which, alone among the major oil companies, opposed the Administration's plan to abolish controls—on the grounds that the accompanying taxes, designed to soak up "windfall" profits, would prove even more onerous. Mobil's complaint had got a respectful hearing

from some sophisticated analysts, e.g., *The Wall Street Journal*: "This time the Administration has outdone itself. First, it converts controls that expire in two years into a permanent tax. Second, [this tax will] . . . fall most heavily on oil that has not yet been discovered. It not only drains revenues from the oil business, but dampens the incentive to find new energy." Carter's response? To identify the Mobil Corporation before a White House meeting of environmentalists as "perhaps the most irresponsible company in America."

Demagoguery feeds on myth, and the food in this case is the myth of obscene oil profits. A recent *New York Times* rundown of relevant financial studies offers demystification. According to the Bankers Trust Company, the top 25 domestic oil companies have registered a return on investment over the last five years of 12.5 per cent. The return for all manufacturing companies over the same period averaged 13.3 per cent. Profit margins—profits divided by sales—have been similarly modest. Citibank put the oil industry's 1978 profit margin at 4.8 per cent, a scandalous increase from 4.7 per cent in 1977. By contrast, the manufacturing sector as a whole rose to 5.2 per cent, up from 5 per cent. "In no way do the oil industry's profits result from excessive, abnormal, or unfair rates of return," concluded Jeffrey Nichols, president of Argus Research Corporation. "Over the long term, the industry has been underperforming."

It will keep on underperforming, if the instincts of stock traders have any prophetic value. If obscene profits beckoned, there would be a stampede of smart money into oil issues. So far, no one has been stampeding. Oil stocks rose briefly when the President announced decontrol and are expected to rise more as the effects of decontrol are experienced. But no economic forecasters are predicting windfalls for oil shareholders as a class.

Which should please the White House.

Soviet Arms Gambling

"Never stop on a winning streak" is the cliché in big-time gambling, and the Soviet Union has taken the lesson to heart. In a spectacular upping of the disarmament game ante, the USSR has demanded that the U.S. shut down development of the space shuttle—scheduled for test flight in November—as the Russian price for an agreement to prohibit anti-satellite weapons—which the Soviet Union *alone* has already deployed. The United States has not produced an operational killer-satellite, and the Administration was hoping to top off the SALT II signing ceremony with a side agreement banning such weapons. Now is the time for the Soviet Union to match the 1947 Baruch Plan in which the U.S., as the sole possessor of nuclear weapons, offered to turn them all over to an international agency. But the USSR not only has not

offered to yield its advantage, it has demanded an impossible sacrifice on its altar as a means of assuring it will retain its lead. For the United States obviously could not agree to such terms—at least now, as the President is heading toward the signing of a SALT II agreement which already is in grave danger in the U.S. Senate. A responsible official has described the Soviet demand as "totally unacceptable. . . . We would never agree to terminate the shuttle or even to slow it down."

Let us hope that is true. The danger is that by making the demand, the USSR has exposed the space shuttle to domestic attack by the many flanking elements which—driven by such stimuli as the post-Vietnam syndrome, ecology, and "thinking small," to develop a national guilt complex—will tend to focus on the shuttle as a sinister obstacle to the reign of eternal peace. Now is the time for Mr. Paul Warnke and his cohorts, who believe the arms race is only a mindless pyramiding of action and matching counter-action, to explain why it is that our voluntary proposal to deny ourselves the killer-satellite did not move the Soviets to respond in kind.

West Bank—Whose Birthright?

At Camp David Premier Begin agreed to "full autonomy" for the West Bank and Gaza, accepted UN resolution 242 as "the agreed basis for a peaceful settlement," and promised the withdrawal of "Israeli military government and its civilian administration." It was substantially in exchange for this that Egyptian President Sadat risked the enmity of the Arab world and his own political demise when he signed a peace treaty with Israel. Now, the Israeli government has proposed a kind of autonomy that leaves land, water, settlement, radio, and television under Israeli control, backed up by military authority and the power to pre-approve all political candidates. It has now approved a fresh West Bank settlement. Prime Minister Begin says, "There has never been another action more legal than settlement by Jews in all the territories of the land of Israel." Where does this leave Sadat?

Instead of bolstering Sadat's image as a successful Arab negotiator, the Begin government is doing exactly the opposite. As Anthony Lewis says in the *New York Times*, "Israeli actions [in the West Bank] have been lately so unrestrained as to seem almost provocative. It is as if Israel were trying to show that the peace treaty gave it carte blanche to settle and permanently subjugate the West Bank." True, the Israeli government is split. But the minority can go along, obviously anticipating that under increasing pressure from Egypt and the U.S., the majority will reconsider. They may be right, but the danger is that the internal imbalance in Israel will not be rectified before the external imbalance in the Arab world emasculates Sadat. Now is the time for President Carter,

as midwife of the treaty, to step in quietly but decisively. Carter has often been criticized as lacking in the persistence needed to carry through his designs. The Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty is his single showpiece tending to prove the opposite. If something doesn't give with regard to autonomy on the West Bank, then it won't be many months before something else will give—perhaps in Egypt—setting in motion a sequence leading to the bloody loss of the very birthright that Israel has so justly claimed.

Rhodesia, Cont'd

"Our interests there are somewhat limited." Thus, Ambassador Andrew Young discussing Rhodesia on "Meet the Press," June 3. Brian Crozier (see "The Protracted Conflict," p. 786) definitely demonstrates that Mr. Young is talking, as usual, strategic twaddle. Today, with a new government based on successful elections, a good chance of retaining most of its white minority, and at least a decent chance against Soviet-backed guerrillas, Rhodesia stands athwart Soviet goals in Southern Africa.

Taxonomical notes: Pay close attention to the terms of the Rhodesia debate as it unfolds. For example, in 1973, during the OPEC oil boycott, the entire U.S. foreign policy establishment and its media allies made it clear that U.S. policy on Israel would not be affected by oil considerations. We were independent, vassal. Today, however, we are being told that U.S. policy on Rhodesia must be submitted for approval to Lagos, Nigeria—because Nigeria is an exporter of oil. Listen to our reverend UN ambassador bloviating on "Meet the Press": "I was thinking the economic realities [sic] of our economic in-

terdependence with the entire African continent, and particularly the British dependence on Nigeria as their largest trading partner was very bluntly brought home to Britain when Nigeria decided that a British firm would not be allowed to bid on a \$200-million port development contract, and when the British Deputy High Commissioner complained about it, he was given 48 hours to get out of the country." It's a good thing, whew, that Nigeria did not issue these threats when Israel was concerned.

The Senate, now firmly convinced that the President would have to be saved in spite of himself, is standing on Article I, Section 8 of the Constitution, which says, unequivocally, that "the Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations." Last week the Armed Services Committee reported out, by a vote of 13 to 3, a veto-proof FY 1980 defense bill which lifts the sanctions against Zimbabwe-Rhodesia.

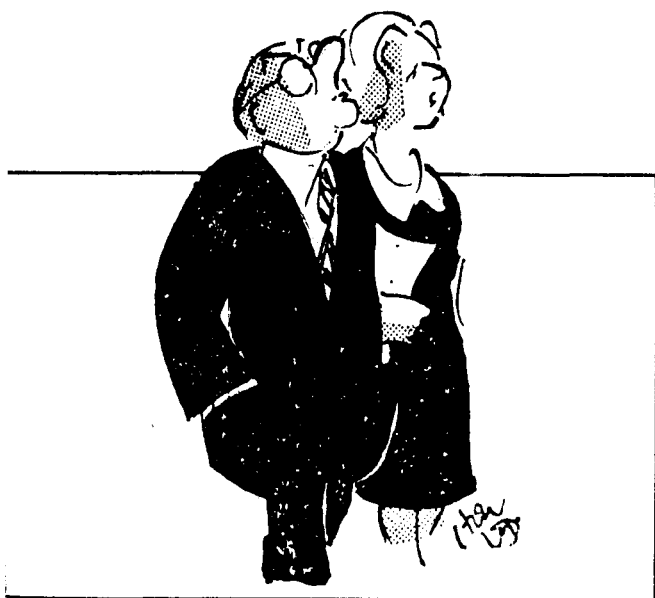
Bad news: Even if the U.S. recognizes the Muzorewa government and lifts sanctions, *Young will not resign.* "I don't think—you know, I didn't get in this job thinking I was going to win every battle."

Hell, no, Young won't go—not until 1980, that is.

Italy—Encore, la Mème Chose

As predicted, the Italian Communist Party lost substantially in last weekend's elections—down from 34.2 per cent of the popular vote in 1976 to 30.4 per cent and from 228 seats to 207 seats. Contrary to predictions, the Christian Democrats did not benefit from the swing, but they held on to their 262 seats—a long way from a majority in the 630-member lower house. Who gained? A passel of smaller parties, but mainly the tiny Radical Party, up to 18 from 14 seats; the Liberals up from 5 to 9; and the Social Democrats, up from 15 to 20. The Socialists gained only two seats. What does it all mean?

First, Eurocommunism has suffered a setback. Logically, it would seem to have been exposed for the bare tactical fraud that it is, but one should be cautious about applying that kind of logic to Italian politics. Having assumed the guise of parliamentary moderation and failed to participate in a Cabinet coalition, Communist leader Berlinguer was forced by his own hard-liners to withdraw parliamentary cooperation and revert to a more classic Communist stance. The experience was damaging. The Communists lost support on the Left for having dealt with the enemy and, on the Right, from those who (despite Berlinguer's denial) identify the Communist Party with the Red Brigade terror that has convulsed Italy. Berlinguer knew he would lose in an election, but, like the clear-eyed tactician he is, he was willing to accept his losses in order to return to the old tried-and-true Communist mode. We can expect a closer identification with Moscow in the future.



Holland, London Sunday Telegraph

Rothco

"I don't suppose you'd consider, Margaret, offering the Washington post to Tony Benn?"

On the other hand the Christian Democrats lost too, thereby proving that they have not overcome the bumbling paralysis that has become the trade mark of the Italian government. To be sure, they can form a government with the help of some of the smaller parties, as they have done for many years. But there is no reason to expect the government to change significantly.

But, in Italy's case, the same old thing is progress. The election is the first since the war in which the Communists have lost ground, thus puncturing an image of inevitability. It is a reflection of a rise in healthy skepticism among the public.

We Ain't Marchin' Any More

Joan Baez (see "Fast Fade," *NR*, June 8) has published an open letter to the Socialist Republic of Vietnam. Signed by over eighty former antiwar activists, it protests the barbarities of the new regime: concentration camps, tortures, disappearances, and various other old bogeys the hawks used to invoke to justify the American presence in the war. Signers include Daniel Berrigan, César Chavez, Norman Cousins, Allen Ginsberg, Nat Hentoff, Theodore Hesburgh, Norman Lear, Staughton Lynd, Frank Mankiewicz, James Michener, Charles Schulz, I. F. Stone, and William Styron.

Miss Baez found a number of old protestors who refused to protest. Phil Berrigan signed, then removed his name. Dan Ellsberg wasn't interested. Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda didn't return Miss Baez's calls; it isn't hard to understand why, since they approved the treatment of American POWs and generally dig revolutionary justice. William Kunstler was frank: "I do not believe in public attacks on socialist countries, even where violations of human rights may occur." (Translation: Solzhenitsyn was a scab.)

We repeat: Miss Baez is honorable to call attention to the Vietnamese situation. Her concerns, leave aside her vision, have been consistently humanitarian.

Even so, we wish this would be the last time any Western idealism were to be invested in a Marxist regime. After the Soviet Union, China, Cuba, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Cambodia, East Germany, North Korea, Ethiopia, and Vietnam, there is really no excuse for disappointment when the latest Marxist government turns out to stand for something other than efficient postal service and burgeoning day-care centers.

How depressing, then, to turn to Tom Wicker's column in our morning paper and find the Rhodesian guerrillas spoken of in these terms: "Some of them surely are Marxists [some—by no means all or even the predominating part], but no more so than much of the Third World the United States has to deal with [what the hell]; and they could more likely be kept from becoming Soviet or Chinese puppets if the West were to view their na-

tionalist [nationalism is good] aspirations [aspirations are very good] sympathetically [our sympathy will evoke what is best in their natures] rather than letting Communist nations provide their only support." No hint of what they may really want power *for*. When the bloodbath comes, Wicker will already have planted the assumption that it was the result of our lack of sympathy. He won't even have to sign the advertisements of deprecation. William Shawcross will write a book.

Jean-François Revel has made the point incisively. The liberal socialists of the West are forever willing to give Marxists one more chance. They judge (say) fascism by its record, but Communism by its professions. No matter that the Communist regime *always* overreaches even fascism, never mind the Communist blueprint. The label is magic. The protests come in only when they are too late to have effect; and they never prejudice liberal openness to the next product bearing the label.

Leonard N. Hall, R I P

"I was a rebel," reads a sentence at the beginning of the memoir Len Hall dictated a few years ago. To Christ Church in the hamlet of Oyster Bay there came last week old pals from the hustings on Long Island more than half a century ago, from both sides of the aisle in the New York Assembly and the Congress of the United States, from the Dewey campaign of the Forties, the Eisenhower campaign of the Fifties, the Nixon campaign of the Sixties, the Roosevelts of Oyster Bay, clients of a self-styled country lawyer, colleagues on corporate, civic, and charitable boards—and just friends and neighbors of the big man. They were there to pay a final tribute to the rebel who had become a national leader.

More than a quarter of a century has passed since the Republicans last won both Houses of Congress. Leonard Hall had been organizer and chairman of the Congressional Campaign Committee in that victorious election, and then chairman of the Republican National Committee in the years his party held the Congress. How did this self-styled rebel become the Mr. Republican of our time?

An open, genial friend to all, regardless of faction or party, he was always ready to take a stand. A 27-year-old lawyer seeking nomination for the New York Assembly at a time when the Ku Klux Klan was riding high, he was told that he could have it on a silver platter if he would join the Klan. He refused and went on to fight his way to the Assembly and to political leadership in Long Island.

In the Assembly a Republican Speaker, reneging on his commitments, precipitated Hall and a half dozen other assemblymen into a six week fight which resulted in the ouster of a sitting Speaker.

Blessed Are the Peacemakers

Secretary Harold Brown,
Obviously feeling "down,"
Rued that Russia's growing clout
Means they want to knock us out.
You may say, "What else is new?"
And, indeed, in Jimmy's pew,
They found Mr. Brown's remark
Boring as a missile's arc.

W. H. VON DREELE

In the Congress, with a vote coming up on extending the draft, Hall contrived to get the Army Chief of Staff, General Marshall, to give him and a handful of others on the Republican side a briefing on the military situation facing the nation. Announcing that he was concerned, Hall led 21 Republicans in voting, against the leadership, to extend the draft. A majority of one avoided the spectacle of thousands of men coming home from the training camps months before Pearl Harbor.

It was Hall who walked out of the hospital room where President Eisenhower was recuperating from his heart attack, and, on his own, announced in his cheerful, confident way, that "Ike will run again if he is able." He did; and the Republicans got their second four-year lease on the White House in the first 25 years of Len Hall's half century in politics.

A few years ago, Hall described himself as astonished by the Watergate scandal and gave four explanations for it: "entirely too much money"; "grim, starched young patriots"; "a failure to recognize that the relationship between political parties in a campaign is an adversarial relationship rather than the relationship of enemies"; and "a lack of humor." To Len Hall, politics had to be fun. It was in this spirit that he reached out to gather people and unify them under a standard of integrity and responsibility.

In Len Hall we have lost a politician who brought honor and dignity to that profession by standing up tall, true to his ideals, true to his word, true to his obligations, sensitive to the proprieties and the interests of others, dedicated to his party and his country, warm in his friendships, and ever ready to extend a helping hand.

WILLIAM J. CASEY

Henry Francis Regnery, R I P

At 34, "young" Henry Regnery, as those who had known him so long his distinguished father tended to call him, managed to look going-on, oh, 26. As a very little boy, his preoccupation was baseball, and at age six he was known to weep if he missed a catch, or struck out. But

his three older brothers and sisters, and his parents, both consoled him, and, gradually, introduced him to more worldly perspectives. It is they who need help now, young Henry having perished aboard the DC-10 that was taking him to the bookselling convention in Los Angeles where, as vice president, he would represent his father's firm, Regnery/Gateway Inc.

Henry had been happily and enthusiastically (a family trait) at work since the firm's founding in May 1977, reorganizing a publishing venture initiated a generation ago by Henry Regnery, who reintroduced the reading public to conservative literature. Young Henry graduated from Northwestern and did graduate work at St. Andrews, married, begot three children, turned to sheep-farming in New York State—and then decided to turn to publishing. During those two years he charmed the editors, critics, salesmen, and authors he was in touch with. He inherited from his parents a stoic joy, a self-disciplined exuberance, instantly perceived on reading the *Memoirs of a Dissident Publisher*, by Henry Regnery, soon to be published by Harcourt Brace. The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW extend their condolences to the family. Those of us who knew young Henry since the days when he began to play baseball pray that the family will succeed in bringing a Christian perspective to this tragedy.

WFB

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The Carter Administration has its merits. Certainly more than NATIONAL REVIEW seems willing to admit. But the Missouri Federation of Young Republicans believes in giving credit where credit is due. In view of the recent mayoral race in Kansas City, where the winner, Richard Berkley, became the first Republican mayor in fifty years, MFYR passed the following resolution at their convention in April:

"Be it resolved, That in view of the election result in the race for Mayor of Kansas City, Missouri, in which Walter Mondale actively campaigned for the election of Bruce Watkins, the Missouri Federation of Young Republicans cordially invites the Vice President or any members of the Carter Administration to return to Missouri to campaign for the entire Democratic ticket in 1980."

Respectfully,

Kathy Spindler

Recording Secretary

Missouri Federation of Young Republicans

■ Memo to: WFB

From: Robin Wu

The attached interview may interest you.

(From an interview with Professor Eugene Genovese, in *Change*, November 1978)

Q. Mentioning conservatives brings up a side of your approach that some people have seen as unique. Certain people have even said that you're enamored of conservatives, and they're aghast when you turn up in the pages of *NATIONAL REVIEW*. Irving Howe, for example, is surprised that while you won't write for *Dissent*, a democratic socialist journal, you do write for William Buckley's magazine. As he once put it to me, "Genovese should know who his friends are by now." What is it that allows you to do that? How exactly do you see conservatives in America?

A. My attitude is that I will write for any publication, aside from a fascist publication, where I am allowed to present my point of view. I think it is a serious mistake to write off whole constituencies. Buckley runs a brilliantly edited journal. He has a variegated constituency, which consists of people I have a very bad opinion of and people I have great respect for. Now to the extent that from time to time he's willing to give me some space to speak to his constituency, I'm happy to take it, and in the same spirit, the pages of *Marxist Perspectives* are open to them.

Our third and probably our fourth issues will have pieces by outstanding right-wing people. I'm in favor of that and I think it's a serious mistake to refuse to participate in that kind of exchange. In the couple of pieces I've written for *NATIONAL REVIEW*, they've allowed me to say what I wanted to say in the way I wanted to say it. My own view is that the conservatives are split into many different varieties. One of the reasons I admire Buckley is that his publication has held together different kinds of conservatives who normally

would be at each other's throats. *NR*'s done a brilliant job of giving them an umbrella.

Q. This sounds much better than many of the left wing publications.

A. That's right. The point is that I think there are many things that come out of conservative criticism, not only of the Left but of liberalism, which are very important. Only recently, *NATIONAL REVIEW* published a very thoughtful article criticizing the American Civil Liberties Union's action in the Skokie case [concerning the right of the Nazi party to march in Skokie, Illinois]. That's a complex issue. I do respect the ACLU's position, but I also think that it's a question which cannot be oversimplified. In my opinion, the chap who wrote in *NATIONAL REVIEW* a piece which everyone, regardless of political point of view, should read. ["Marching through Skokie" by Hadley Arkes, May 12, 1978] I also find, for example on abortion, when I thoroughly disagree with the point of view, that many of the arguments they raise are to be taken seriously.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I read your column on physical exercise yesterday and found your masterly insights to be provocative, as usual.

I have been exercising lately, you see, though not over the fact that my belly is getting fat (which it most definitely is). Rather it is that I am facing a crucial professional test soon and have found that walking fat takes some of the edge off of the waiting—a lesson learned at the heels of dear old edgy Dad.

It has been my experience that there is something in the saw that exercise can improve the quality of one's life. The first explanation I was given of this theory was when I was an actor in the theater (of the non-singing non-dancing kind). I used to marvel at how dancers could remain such a happy, ingenuous lot despite the pain and low pay-off of their careers. I asked a dancer to please explain this and her thoughtful reply was that hard exercise oxygenates the blood and that that somehow makes it easier to stay on the sunny side of the street.

Well sir, I have been walking fast for about a month now and I find that I am somewhat happier. Not blissed out, mind you. There will be no angelism in this house. My only claims are these: My calves are now slightly obvoluted, I have risen from the saturnine to the merely unsociable, I have more energy, and my sex life has improved in that I no longer pine over its absence.

May I respectfully submit that you may have missed a salient point in your otherwise charming attack on physical exercise.

Sincerely,
Michael D. Nevill
New York
—WFB

Happy Days Are Here Again

Welcome, June, with a Hi and a Ho;

There is no gasoline in L.A.

On the plains, where the trucks

Used to pass just for yuks,

There's no diesel for daddy. *Olé.*

As a stock, Winnebago's a drag.

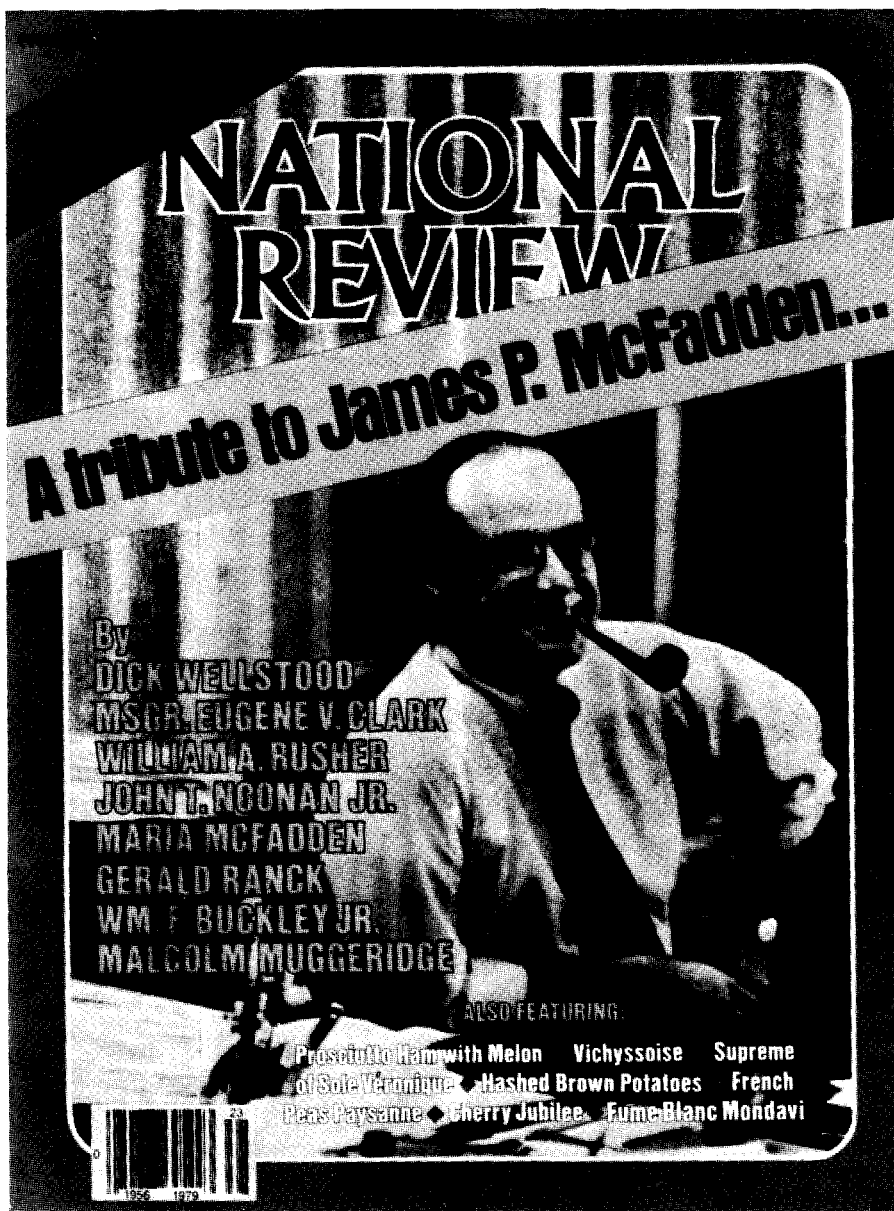
What on earth shall we do with our yacht?

But we musn't be blue:

Light a candle or two,

And I'll dump some canned soup in a pot.

W. H. VON DREELE



ON MAY 21, Jim McFadden was honored at a special testimonial dinner at New York's Union League Club. He is best known as *NR*'s Associate Publisher, prolific author of seductive form-letters to nearly lapsed subscribers; but on this occasion he was saluted primarily as founder and editor of *The Human Life Review*.

For years McFadden has presided over his fastness on the eighth floor of *NR*'s offices. He is, as they say, a Presence: irascible, ebullient—and hilarious. As you approach his office you hear a great boom of a voice summoning subordinates (not unusually relatives) and occasionally rising to a high cackle of delight at some irresistible *mot* (not

unusually a pun). Entering, you find a stocky, businesslike man with horn-rimmed glasses, billowing briar pipe, shirtsleeves rolled up. He welcomes you brusquely as he continues punching hairy-wristed prose through his typewriter. Nothing fancy, he concedes (with just a note of pride), but it gets the job done.

It does more than that. It saves lives.

Jim—a/k/a Mac—used to have enough to do just keeping *NR* afloat. At last month's dinner, Bill Buckley called him the man most responsible for the magazine's production. Jim is a genius at promotion, and a deft juggler of resources. But his earthiness hardly prepared us for his idealism. When the

Supreme Court discovered that abortion was a constitutional right, he started finding time to talk back.

In 1973, after hours, he founded the Ad Hoc Committee in Defense of Life and launched *Lifeletter*, a bi-weekly rundown of news and trends in the pro-life movement. In 1975, armed with a part-time staff and a telephone, he single-handedly tapped that movement's energies and brains to organize The Human Life Foundation and to begin publishing a handsome and distinguished quarterly, *The Human Life Review*. He invoked the help of Catholics, Protestants, Jews, non-believers, even advocates of abortion who found the Court's reasoning defective. The *Review* has broadened its purview to consider constitutional law, the status of the family, euthanasia, *in vitro* fertilization, feminism, homosexuality, pornography, and population control. Contributors have included Malcolm Muggeridge, Clare Boothe Luce, Paul Ramsey, John T. Noonan Jr., James Hitchcock, Francis Canavan, Harold O. J. Brown, and Colin Clark, plus a few of Jim's own discoveries. He attracts talent and grabs it. George Steinbrenner would admire him.

Pull him away from his typewriter and his blunt demeanor gives way to Falstaffian conviviality. No man is more fun to laugh with, and I suspect that his heroism was partly an excuse for the tribute: he is the kind of man you'd want to give a dinner *for*, to express, inadequately, the sheer pleasure of having dinner *with* him. Most of the people who came wished his talents included sitting at every table at once. And a hundred or so did come: spon-



Foreground, left to right: Jeffrey Hart, Nika Hazelton, Priscilla Buckley, James Burnham. In background, Malachi B. Martin

sor Bill Buckley, emcee Bill Rusher, Noonan, Congressman Henry Hyde, Jim Burnham, John Chamberlain, Father Canavan, and "the Mugger," as Jim calls his newest pal: Muggeridge, who chose the event for his last public appearance in America.

It was a jolly event. Cocktails and chatter, to the accompaniment of Dick Wellstood's jazz piano. Dinner, featuring Supreme of Sole Véronique. Speeches, full of praise and proud claims of having known Jim longer than anyone else in the room. Gerald Ranck's harpsichord, brilliantly serving the intricate miracles of Jim's two favorite Bach pieces, the Italian Concerto and the C Minor Fantasy. Jokes galore, among them a program designed in the form of an *NR* cover by Jimmy O'Bryan.

Bill Rusher recalled "inheriting" his Associate Publisher, and learning about publishing from him. Monsignor Eugene Clark recalled introducing Jim to his beloved Faith. John Noonan likened him to Horace Greeley, whose *Tribune* provided New York with its only real forum for anti-slavery opinion: "Abortion," he noted, "is a one-issue issue the way a centipede is a one-footed creature." Seventeen-year-old Maria McFadden, who is as lovely as Jim clearly believes she is, praised her father with loving wit: a giver of life, a defender of life. Bill Buckley, who habitually calls his friend "Mac Fadden," remembered meeting Jim in the mid-1950s and asking him to stay at *NR* to write, and maybe undertake an odd job or two, "for a few days." The odd-est job, preserving *NR*, he has discharged with the cunning of Scheherazade, with enough left over for his own projects: "That which he undertakes



Left: Seventeen-year-old Maria toasts her father. Right, Jim McFadden (back to camera) talks to Malcolm Muggeridge (left), and John Chamberlain

avocationally," Bill observed, "is done with the thoroughness of a Normandy landing. If in the future there is a change in the public attitude toward abortion, it is not an exaggeration, I think, to say that Jim's journal will have been the proximate cause of it."

Finally, Muggeridge. He and Jim met a year or two ago; they were instantly close, united in salty piety. Muggeridge said he could add little to what had already been said—then proceeded to show us our old friend in a deeper, richer light. Speaking as a journalist, he said McFadden might have made a prosperous career in commercial journalism, had he chosen to. That is obvious, yet startling. One can admire Jim's skill without ever stopping to think what other uses it might have been put to, so native does he seem to these environs. And it dawns on one how much inexplicit devotion resides in this gruff, funny man.

Muggeridge praised him especially for persisting in the support of beleaguered moral values, so at odds with the illusory consensus presented by the

secularist mass media. Any conservatism (he reminded us) that aims only to conserve earthly institutions, without an eternal point of reference, is doomed to an ultimate sterility, and failure. In honoring Jim, he smiled, we honor a man who "combines to a remarkable degree a touch of saintliness with a strong dose of Machiavellianism—one of those mixtures, like gin and bitters, that somehow work together very well." —M. J. SOBRAN



C. Dickerman Williams, Marcia Burnham (back to camera), a pensive Jeffrey Hart

Bill Buckley, Malcolm Muggeridge, John Noonan, Jim McFadden, Faith McFadden, Monsignor Eugene Clark, Pat Buckley (back to camera) applaud guest of honor Jim McFadden, tonight almost at loss for words



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The Rhodesia Decision

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

THE RHODESIAN problem is central to any policy decision on whether or not to stand up to the Soviets. Conversely, in considering Rhodesia, all else is secondary to the Soviet aspect: Mr. Smith's Unilateral Declaration of Independence (UDI) and his "rebellion" against the British Crown: the UN and its sanctions; the Commonwealth; the Anglo-American plan; President Carter's susceptibilities; and, above all, Ambassador Andrew Young.

The Anglo-American plan, on which Britain's former Foreign Secretary, Dr. David Owen, sought and failed to make his reputation, did not survive Secretary of State Vance's visit to London on May 21-22. Nor can it be expected to loom large when the Commonwealth summiteers meet in Lusaka in August. It was motivated, as previous efforts were, by the search for "peace"—meaning a settlement acceptable to the "people" of Rhodesia and also to the so-called Patriotic Front which is trying, with massive Soviet backing, to impose its will upon that people.

Since the Patriotic Front leaders, Messrs. Mugabe and Nkomo, have made it quite clear that they are not interested in democratic processes, the chances of an agreed settlement have been remote all along, except on terms amounting to a surrender of all power to the Front.

Peace through Surrender?

This has always, of course, been true of negotiations with terrorists and other fanatics, as the French, with their experiences in Algeria and Indochina, could testify. Similarly, a peace based on surrender has always been an option for the British and the Protestant majority in Northern Ireland, although no British government, so far, has seriously considered handing over the province to the IRA. Yet it was the stated intention of the British government, a year or so ago, to hand over control of Rhodesia's security forces to the terrorists of the Patriotic Front—the exact equivalent of handing over the Royal Ulster Constabulary to the IRA.

The likely outcome of any such surrender in Rhodesia is therefore another Soviet satellite in Africa, and, moreover, a cruelly impoverished one, deprived of European skills, experience, and know-how, and a claimant on international charity. To this, add an inevitable Mugabe-Nkomo struggle for power, which would be bloody, possibly protracted, and certainly dangerous for "peace."

Do we (the U.S., Britain, the West) want the Soviet advance in Africa to continue unhindered, with the addition of a new and major prize, or do we want to stop the Soviets in their tracks, "frustrate their knavish tricks," and defeat their aims?

I do not believe the Carter Administration has seriously asked itself this question. Rather, it has persuaded itself that detente is more important than southern Africa. It has judged the issues on the criterion of Andy Young's assessment of their acceptability to the black voters who, it was supposed, would reject any settlement that had Mr. Ian Smith's approval.

It was common ground between the Wilson-Callaghan and the Heath government that Smith's regime was in rebellion against the British Crown and therefore illegal. In Labor's case, the regime was considered particularly heinous in that it was "racist." I do not think I am maligning Dr. Owen if I say that the humiliation of Mr. Smith was, per se, an objective in any settlement.

Enter Margaret Thatcher and her Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington. If words mean anything, here was an administration fully alive to the Soviet danger and determined to do something about it. Surely it would lose no time in demonstrating that on the Rhodesia problems, as on taxes and economic freedom, there was going to be a visible break with the recent past? Or would it?

Two new developments ought to have made a prompt change of line relatively easy: the almost unanimously acclaimed success of the Rhodesian general elections and the overwhelming Senate vote in favor of lifting sanctions against Rhodesia. Instead, the British govern-

ment let it be known that it would not take a decision before the Commonwealth summit in Lusaka.

This procrastination left the Thatcher team looking temporarily like the Callaghan team, despite a refreshing cordiality toward Muzorewa and a form of sub-recognition diplomatic relations. Between the Vance visit and the Lusaka summit, the new Foreign Secretary has ample time to meditate upon the following propositions:

Think It Through

► The Commonwealth is an increasingly cloudy concept, and few Commonwealth countries offer their people free and fair elections of the standard achieved by Rhodesia.

► It is understandable, but not very noble, to wish to placate Nigeria, which sells oil to Britain and the U.S. and which may be rash enough to seize British assets if displeased over Rhodesia. But Nigeria needs Britain no less than Britain needs Nigeria; General de Gaulle demonstrated many times that a bold stand in defense of national interests pays off.

► The Wilson government was deeply mistaken in handing over the Rhodesia problem to the UN, which is neither morally nor legally qualified to deal with it. This unnecessary abdication of sovereignty should be rectified.

► If, as one understands, the Foreign and Commonwealth Office has been urging that nothing should be done to upset arrangements for Queen Elizabeth II's forthcoming visits to Tanzania, Zambia, and Botswana, and for presiding over the Commonwealth Conference, they should be told that none of these countries is as important as Rhodesia and that Her Majesty deserves a rest.

► Muzorewa is no less black than Nkomo or Mugabe.

► Not least, appeasement of the UN and the black dictatorships will be interpreted by Moscow as a green light for all-out aggression against Rhodesia. The only way to stop the Soviets is to stand up to them.

There is still time. Just. □

What SALT I *Was All About*

THOMAS H. MOORER

SINCE SALT II will very shortly be signed by President Carter and Mr. Brezhnev, a review of the events leading to Congress' approval of SALT I on September 30, 1972 will prove useful. It will give some insight into the complexities involved in negotiations of highly technical and political matters between two superpowers so different in outlook and governmental structure.

My comments are based on my active participation in these negotiations from the outset to their completion, while I was Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff (1970-74). In this capacity I participated in all of the National Security Council meetings and attended other meetings held by the Joint Chiefs of Staff with the Secretary of Defense, as well as with Mr. Kissinger in his role as chairman of the Verification Panel, about which more later.

I would like to emphasize that I served as a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff for seven years, with 11 other experienced and dedicated officers from all the Services. Contrary to the general impression, the Joint Chiefs have always supported a reduction of arms, so long as the reduction was *mutual* and not a *unilateral* reduction on the part of the United States. The Joint Chiefs of Staff have always taken this question very seriously, knowing full well that Congress is unlikely to ratify a disarmament treaty not fully supported by the military commanders.

President Lyndon Johnson first broached the possibility of Strategic Arms Limitation Talks in 1964 when he proposed a freeze on all nuclear weapons. But the Soviets, still smarting from the outcome of the Cuban crisis two years before, showed no apparent interest. It was not until 1967 that the matter was again explored—this time at the Glassboro summit. The first positive move by the Soviets was in the form of an announcement in June 1968 by Foreign Minister Gromyko that the Soviets were now ready to negotiate the reduction of offensive as well as defensive nuclear weapons. Just two months later, the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia put an end to any further discussions with the Johnson Administration.

When President Nixon took office, SALT, understandably, did not receive priority attention. The country was in

a state of near-anarchy as a result of disenchantment with the Vietnam War. Most of the political options for dealing with the War had already been expended. Furthermore, there were unbelievable security leaks. It was not unusual to develop a top-secret policy-paper one day and see it printed verbatim in a leading newspaper the next morning.

Faced with this situation, President Nixon and his key foreign-policy advisor, Henry Kissinger, set out to restructure the decision-making process, working within the guidelines Congress established when it created the National Security Council in 1947. In President Nixon's 1970 Report to the Congress on United States Foreign Policy, it was emphasized that the National Security Council does not make decisions. Decisions are made by the President. The NSC is a forum for discussion, in which the interested departments and agencies of the U.S. Government are asked by the President to state issues, present alternatives, and discuss implications, in order that the President may obtain the advice he needs to make decisions.

Organizationally, the group that dealt with SALT consisted of the following: 1) the National Security Council (Statutory Membership); 2) the Verification Panel, consisting of the following: Chairman—Assistant to the President for National Security Council; Deputy Chairman—Deputy Secretary of State; Members—Deputy Secretary of Defense; Director, CIA; Director, Arms Control and Disarmament Agency; and Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff. Staff support consisted of the Verification Panel Working Group, and the SALT Backstopping Committee, with representatives of the principals of the Verification Panel.

The Verification Panel was formed to gather the essential facts concerning strategic arms limitation, focusing on issues such as Soviet strategic capabilities and our potential means of verifying compliance with various possible options

Admiral Thomas H. Moorer (Ret.), former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, is co-chairman of the Coalition for Peace through Strength. He is co-author of U.S. Over-Seas Bases: Problems of Projecting American Military Power Abroad, published by Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies.

that had been suggested. As President Nixon said in his 1970 foreign policy report to the Congress: "The Panel played a central part in making our preparation for the Strategic Arms Limitations Talks with the Soviet Union the most thorough in which the U.S. Government has ever engaged."

The day-to-day negotiations in Helsinki and Vienna were conducted by the SALT Delegation chaired by Ambassador Gerard Smith, who also held the statutory position of Director, Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (ACDA). The representative of the Joint Chiefs on the Delegation was Lieutenant General Royal B. Allison, USAF.

In passing, I should note that I strongly oppose any one man, no matter how able he may be, playing the dual role of Director of ACDA and Chief Negotiator, since there is a philosophical conflict of interest between those two roles. In short, the Director and staff of the ACDA are focused on arms control, while the negotiating staff is, or should be, focused on obtaining a treaty that *fully* ensures the security of the United States. This dual role was abolished in the initial stages of SALT II (when Ambassador Alexis Johnson became the Chief Negotiator and Mr. Fred Iklé Director of ACDA), then reinstated when President Carter named Mr. Paul Warnke Director of ACDA as well as Chief Negotiator for SALT II. The results were predictable.

President Johnson frequently said: "All my life I have sought a consensus," and his approach to SALT was just that—an effort to make the bureaucrats agree completely among themselves before asking his approval. The NSC system developed during the Nixon Administration was just the opposite—an effort to surface all options and points of view, which could then be thoroughly discussed at a National Security Council meeting, following which the President made his decision. As President Nixon said in his report to Congress: "The NSC system is designed to make certain that clear policy choices reach the top, so that various positions can be fully debated in the meetings of the National Security Council. Differences of view are identified and defended, rather than muted or buried. I refuse to be confronted with a bureaucratic consensus that gives me no way of knowing what alternatives exist."

The "new NSC system" was criticized for being too centralized, for being entirely dominated by the President and Mr. Kissinger. However, I don't believe any other system was workable as long as the Vietnam War lasted. At that time, individuals and agencies of the legislative and executive branches of our government were simply working at cross-purposes. In any event, the Joint Chiefs of Staff were brought fully into the SALT deliberations, and, while our recommendations were by no means always accepted, they were requested and fully considered.

SALT I officially got under way in March 1969 when Kissinger issued a National Security Council Memorandum requesting policy options for Strategic Arms Limitations Talks. At that time the strategic missiles assigned to the operational forces of the United States consisted of 1,054 ICBMs (Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles) and 656 SLBMs (Submarine-Launched Ballistic Missiles) in 41 Polaris/Poseidon submarines. Under the "Mutual Assured Destruction" policy developed by Secretary McNamara, it was judged that these missiles, together with B-52 bombers, gave

us an adequate inventory, and hence no further production was necessary.

In fact, the U.S. approach under Secretary McNamara can only be described as unilateral restraint. In 1963 McNamara actually ordered the deactivation of about 185 Atlas and Titan ICBMs, some of which had only been operational since 1960, and many of which had just been completed. He also ordered the deactivation of the entire B-47 and B-58 medium bomber force; in addition, President Kennedy notified Prime Minister Macmillan during their Bermuda conference that the United States was canceling the development of the Skybolt missile. In the meantime, the Soviets, having learned a hard lesson during the Cuban crisis of 1962, were forging full speed ahead, producing a variety of new missiles while keeping all of their old weapons systems in service.

With respect to defensive systems, the United States was significantly ahead of the Soviets in technology and was

The Soviets' general approach was to allow the United States to make a proposal and then stand fast and wait for the U.S., eager for progress, to soften her position

moving forward to full-fledged production and deployment of the "Safeguard" Anti-Ballistic Missile system (ABM). The Soviets, on the other hand, had already developed and deployed around Moscow their "Galosh" Anti-Ballistic Missile system. (It should be remembered that the go-ahead for the Safeguard ABM system came when a 50 to 50 tie in the Senate was broken in favor of Safeguard by the vote of Vice President Agnew. Scoop Jackson played a key role in influencing the Senate to support this program and was less than pleased when the results of his efforts were negotiated away in SALT I.)

The existing status of operational offensive and defensive strategic systems, as I have just outlined it, weighed heavily on the outcome of the SALT I discussions which followed.

As the negotiations got under way, I set down extensive personal guidelines as to the best approach to SALT I. The factors I considered may be summarized as follows:

1. The United States must never accept inferiority in an arms control agreement. Nor, while negotiating with Russia, can the United States, in its role as leader and supporter of the Free World, disregard security requirements arising from its relations with its Allies.

2. Because of the long lead time inherent in the development and deployment of modern strategic weapons, the present nuclear force structure of both Russia and the U.S. was shaped by decisions made in the 1960s. The United States, on the one hand, exploited its superior technology to develop the ABM, Multiple Individually Targeted Re-entry Vehicles (MIRVs), and a "Triad" of ICBMs, bombers, and SLBMs. The Soviets, on the other hand, initially opted for large-yield warheads and high-thrust rockets to transport them. Hence, it is unrealistic to expect SALT negotiations to result in one nation's forces becoming a mirror image of the other's.

3. In U.S. eyes, at least, the role of strategic forces is deterrence from conflict. And deterrence is best accomplished by a measure of uncertainty in the minds of the Soviet leadership—uncertainty as to the reliability or vulnerability of our forces, the efficiency and ability to survive of our command and control system, and the will and intention of our leadership.

4. The United States must ensure that her force levels and posture are sufficient to deter and, in the unlikely event deterrence fails, to terminate hostilities on terms advantageous to the United States. For a quarter of a century the United States enjoyed overwhelming superiority and did not abuse this advantage. But should the Soviets acquire superiority, there is absolutely no assurance that they would behave with the same restraint.

5. It is naïve to try to use a SALT agreement to suppress technology. That is tantamount to disregarding both human nature and the lessons of history—the London Naval Treaty, for instance. Technological programs will in any event provide either the means to modernize weapons systems openly and within the treaty framework, or the means to circumvent the treaty, leaving it to atrophy. Clandestine development by the USSR might go undetected to the point of a major breakthrough, while weapons development in the democratic society of the United States is an open book, a situation which clearly favors the Soviet Union. So, a SALT agreement must specifically permit modernization by both sides. (Our SALT delegation spent endless hours trying to get the Soviets to agree to refrain from developing the MIRV, already possessed by the United States. Chairman Brezhnev finally put a stop to this waste of time by simply saying, “I will not be denied the MIRV technology.”)

6. A SALT treaty must not only consider technological changes, it must also provide for international changes. We must ensure through the agreement that our military/political posture is at least equal to our adversaries’ as seen in clear, simple terms by other countries. Failing that, U.S. influence—political, economic, and military—would quickly

diminish as Third World states gravitated toward those whom they perceived as taking our place.

7. We would harm our image as a great power if we declared openly what we would or would not do under certain circumstances—pre-empt or not pre-empt, for example. There must always be room for doubt or uncertainty in the minds of the leaders of political adversaries.

8. A SALT treaty must not be so restrictive that the United States finds itself in a hopeless situation with respect to third parties because of bilateral commitments. Other nations, beginning with China, can and probably will develop an advanced nuclear capability.

9. The ability to verify Soviet compliance with the terms of a SALT treaty is fundamental. Because the Soviets have refused to permit on-site inspection, while they enjoy easy access to our open society, the terms of the treaty must be confined to those items that can be clearly verified by national means.

10. The public will find it difficult to accept a treaty which permits the Soviets to have a weapon which is denied the United States. Equal aggregates of delivery vehicles with freedom to mix within a nation’s force structure should be the objective in a first step toward arms control.

While the above guidelines were not always followed, I believe they are as sound today as they were in 1970.

The initial phase of SALT I began in November 1969, with the U.S. delegation under the very able leadership of Ambassador Gerald C. Smith. Phase II of the negotiations was conducted in Vienna between April 16 and August 14, 1970, and the third and final phase, which led to the signing of the treaty and agreements, was reconvened in Helsinki on November 2, 1970.

Throughout the negotiations, the Soviets performed as I expected; i.e., “What’s mine is mine and what’s yours is negotiable.” Their general approach was to allow the United States to make a proposal and then stand fast and wait for the United States, eager for progress and characteristically impatient, to soften her position. The Soviets employed a familiar tactic they had used with President Kennedy during the Atmospheric Test Ban negotiations. They insisted on talking exclusively about the anti-ballistic systems, where the United States held a significant lead, while they frantically improved and expanded their offensive system. Finally, President Nixon instructed Ambassador Smith to inform the Soviets in the strongest terms that the offensive system must be dealt with immediately or the discussions could no longer continue.

The SALT I negotiations created a flurry of activity in the executive branch of our government. The Verification Panel, the supporting staff groups, and the Joint Chiefs held meeting after meeting. Every weapon system, every technological improvement, verification capabilities, impact on Allies, etc., was discussed in the most minute detail. Optional approaches were developed, pros and cons were laid out, and the positions of the Joint Chiefs, the Secretary of Defense, the State Department, and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency were clearly defined. The instruction and guidance given the SALT negotiators overseas evolved from these meetings.





The Metamorphosis of Richard Schweiker

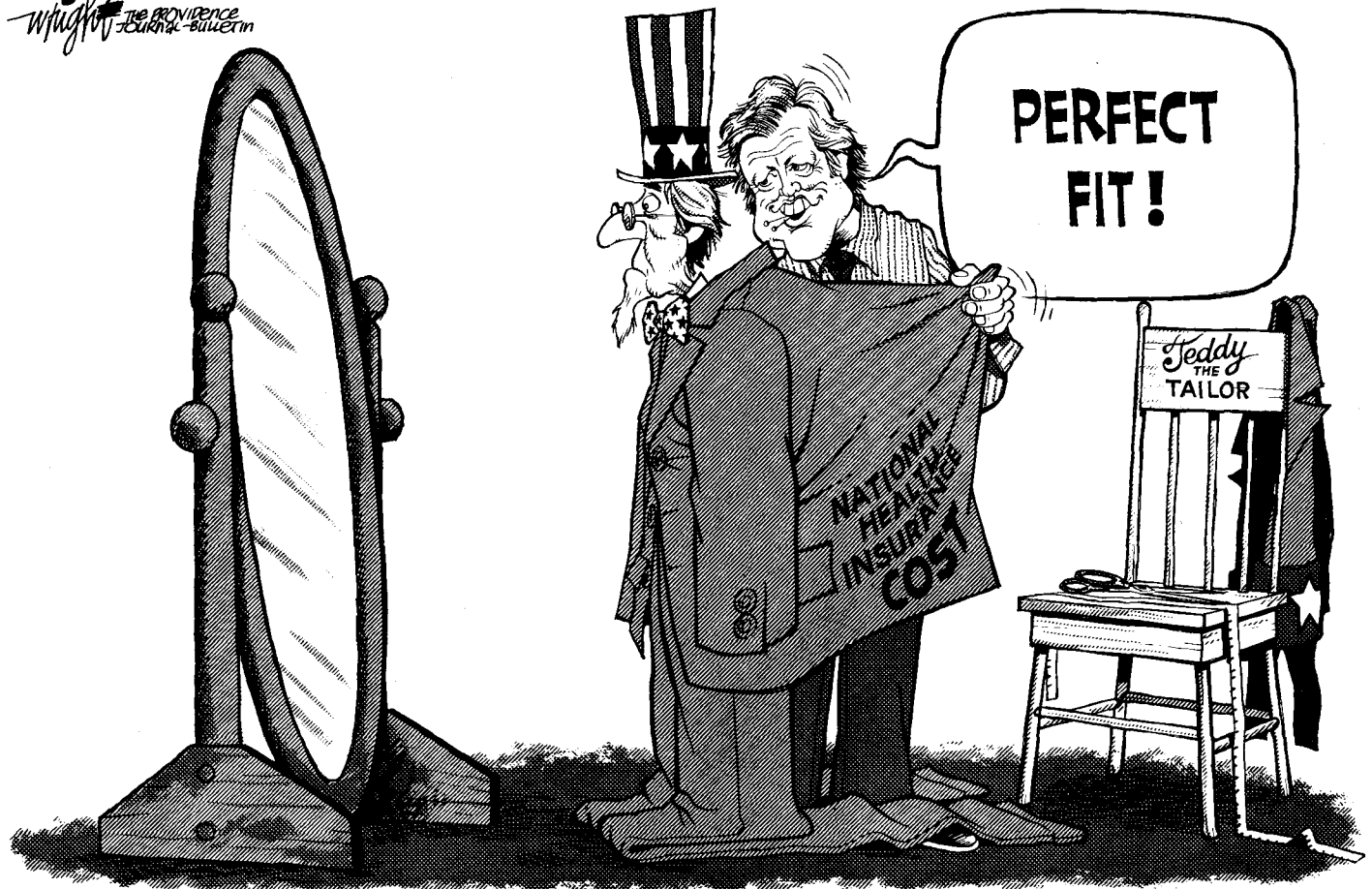
No caterpillar, squeezing out
The filament to wind about
Its fuzzy frame so it could swoon,
Encased within a tight cocoon,
Emerged to ornament the sky
As radiant as Schweiker. My!

W. H. VON DREELE

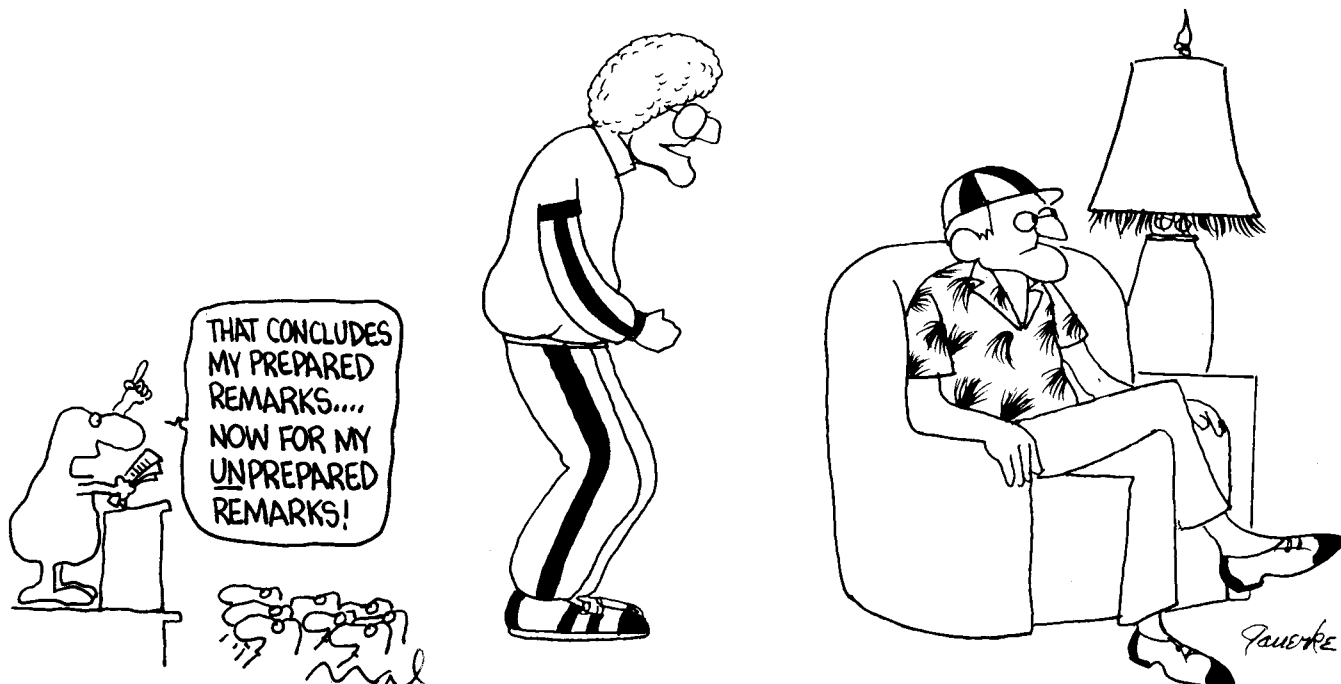


"You do the shopping, Denis,
while I tidy up the House."

Whigton The Providence Journal-Bulletin



The Blame!



"When everyone was into health foods, you took up Hostess Twinkies; when broad ties came back, you bought your narrow ones in thrift shops; now that discoing and tap dancing are the craze, you enroll at Arthur Murray's for fox-trot lessons . . ."

Pushing a String

A gardener trying to make the grass grow taller in the sparse patches on his lawn by cutting it shorter somewhere else might fairly be told that he doesn't know much about grass. Yet governments, in their persistent effort to control the distribution of credit in American society, repeatedly employ precisely the same method and with equally bad results. The danger of these exercises is that while no lawn is ever improved in this way, its healthy portions may be easily and severely damaged.

All governments, ancient and modern, have at one time or another been seized by an urge to use some form of credit allocation to make credit appear at a time or place where it would not otherwise go.

The problems with political credit allocation are intrinsic to the credit process itself. Credit exists because some people are willing to pay for the use of other people's money, and those others are willing to lend their money because they like to collect rent, in the form of interest, on property for which they have no immediate use. In the market thus created, each participant vigorously pursues his or her own self-interest; lenders, savers, and investors-consumers all try to achieve the highest possible return on their money, after taking due account of the risks, while borrowers strive with equally strong desire to minimize their interest costs. Efforts to allocate credit by government fiat come into conflict with these

very human but relentless forces, and so governmental machinery for the allocation of credit never works.

This history of failure has not deterred the Government of the United States from trying repeatedly over the past fifty years to control the flow of credit by specific efforts to favor some borrowers and lenders while penalizing others. By recent count, these sporadic efforts have left us with some 150 laws and major regulations telling us what we may and may not do with our money. The restrictions most frequently encountered by the average citizen are those that limit the interest he can collect on his savings account, and that forbid him to be paid anything at all for the money he keeps in his checking account. Most regulations produce their effects more subtly and less directly, but the effects are pervasive and no one escapes their operation.

History is not lacking in examples from the past. Ever since mercantilism replaced feudalism the temptation to regulate labor, land and money has been irresistible. On May 6, 1795, the justices of Berkshire, England, met at Speenhamland. They set forth a scale of wage subsidies tied to the price of bread, so that a minimum income would be assured to workingmen irrespective of their wages. It was a time of great social distress in England, and the Speenhamland scales were intended as emergency measures. In

short order, the subsidies spread through most of the country.

"No measure was ever more universally popular," according to the late Dr. Karl Polanyi. "Parents were free of the care of their children, and children no more dependent upon parents; employers would reduce wages at will and laborers were safe from hunger whether they were busy or slack; humanitarians applauded the measure as an act of mercy even though not of justice and the selfish gladly consoled themselves with the thought that though it was merciful at least it was not liberal."

In the long run the result was disastrous. Wage subsidies, paid from public funds, removed the floor from wage levels, which sank steadily until poor relief was preferable to working. The Speenhamland law was repealed in 1834.

There are many parallels in today's society to Speenhamland's attempt to push a string, well intentioned and potentially disastrous to all concerned.

Most citizens are unaware of the provisions of the Credit Control Act of 1969. This singular piece of legislation empowers the federal government to determine which citizens of the United States may borrow money, from whom, and how they are allowed to spend it. Not generally, but specifically and in detail. It arms the President with sweeping authority to license all lender-

register all loans, prohibit credit for purposes deemed inappropriate, prescribe maximum amounts of loans, establish maximum rates of interest, minimum down payments on purchases, and conditions for the repayment of loans. The government has never yet invoked these standby powers. But they are there, and others are now proposed.

The credit allocator's quandary is that, in the final analysis, he cannot hope to control anything unless he controls everything. If mortgage credit is cheap enough, the home owner can enlarge his mortgage and spend the money for anything he chooses, including the purchase of scarce commodities. Or a person can borrow on his or her life insurance at low interest rates set by law, thereby reducing the pool of funds that the insurance company has to invest in bonds and mortgages. To the committed allocationist the final solution is obvious: he must not only control the way our citizens lend or borrow money, but he must also control the way they spend it. And so on and on to price controls and the disasters of Speenhamland all over again.

There may be policy makers who believe this to be in the national interest, but it is doubtful that many citizens will find it to be in theirs.

* * *

A fuller discussion of this topic can be found in Credit Allocation: An Exercise in the Futility of Controls. Copies of this Citibank study are available from Citicorp, Public Affairs Department, 399 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10043.

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It was through this process that a comprehensive statement of the United States position was developed and given the bureaucratic title of "Option E." This statement dealt in great detail with every aspect of offensive and defensive systems. It was presented to the Soviets at Vienna on August 4, 1970 and formed the basis for what officially became SALT I, signed by President Nixon in Moscow on May 26, 1972.

I followed every step of these negotiations and was sometimes baffled by the approach to them on the part of some individuals. For instance, in the summer of 1970 the U.S. delegation in Vienna requested permission to provide the Soviets with U.S. figures of Soviet strategic force levels, since Mr. Semenov and his delegation were apparently not cleared to know the facts about their own systems. This was approved by the State Department over my objections. I felt it was a dead giveaway of our intelligence capability.

As the negotiations came down to the wire and the President prepared to go to Moscow, he directed me to issue orders to mine Haiphong harbor on May 8, 1972. This mining operation caused much hand-wringing. Many in the

What is crystal clear from the history of all SALT negotiations with the Soviets is that their long-range objective is not mutual disarmament but to gain superiority over the United States

Administration objected on the grounds that the Soviets would cancel President Nixon's Moscow visit, but I felt that the Soviets gave far higher priority to SALT than they did to Vietnam. They would be happy if the Vietnam War could continue indefinitely, since they were spending less than \$1 billion per year and losing no lives, and the United States was spending \$26 billion and losing thousands of lives. As it turned out, the Soviets issued a mild press release criticizing the move, and President Nixon's trip to Moscow proceeded according to plan.

Immediately prior to the signing, the President instructed General Haig to call me from Moscow and outline details of the treaty. He asked if the JCS approved. I called an emergency meeting of the Joint Chiefs, and we approved SALT I subject to the assurance, which the President promptly gave, that the following programs would be undertaken:

1. a broad range of intelligence capabilities and operations to survey Soviet compliance with the terms of the ABM treaty and the Interim Offensive Agreement;
2. vigorous research and development programs designed to maintain technological superiority of our weapons systems; this included a continuation of testing to ensure the effectiveness of new and anticipated nuclear weapons systems;
3. aggressive improvement and modernization of strategic forces in order to maximize capabilities within the constraints of the ABM treaty and the Interim Offensive Agreement. These improvement and modernization programs were to include acceleration of Trident construction; maintenance of the B-1 bomber program on schedule so as to

provide an option to deploy the first aircraft in the late 1970s; a national command authority defense as permitted by the ABM treaty; a satellite basing program for strategic bombers; deployment of the submarine-launched cruise missile; and, finally, an improved re-entry vehicle for ballistic missiles.

The defense program sent to the Congress for Fiscal Year 1973, which included the items listed in Assurance 3, was firmly supported by the Secretary of Defense, by other members of the Administration, and by me.

The overall agreement consisted of an ABM treaty dealing with anti-ballistic missiles and an interim agreement dealing with offensive missiles. The ABM treaty allowed each side to have one ABM site for the defense of its national command authority and another site for defense of intercontinental ballistic missiles. These two sites had to be eight hundred miles apart, and each ABM site could have one hundred ABM interceptors. The treaty prohibited certain construction of radar bases for the defense of populated areas as well as the conversion of air defense missiles to anti-ballistic missiles. It also provided for withdrawal by either party on six months' notice.

The interim agreement on offensive arms was to run for five years unless replaced by a more comprehensive permanent agreement based on further negotiations, or unless terminated by notification of either side.

The interim agreement froze the numbers of strategic offensive missiles on both sides at approximately the 1972 levels, operational and under construction. With respect to ICBMs, they allowed 1,054 for the United States and 1,618 for the Soviet Union. There was a freeze on the number of heavy ICBM launchers possessed by the Soviet Union (the United States had none), as well as a prohibition on conversion of light ICBMs into heavy missiles. With respect to submarine-launched ballistic missiles, the Soviets were frozen to their claimed level, operational and under construction, of about 740 missiles and were permitted to build to a ceiling of 62 boats and 950 missiles, provided they dismantled older missiles. It is significant that the agreement did not include bombers or other aircraft, although they have an intercontinental delivery capability.

The congressional hearings started in June, and they were lively. Senator Fulbright acidly chastized the Secretary of Defense for recommending an increased budget for security forces at the same time that he was supporting a treaty which gave many the euphoric feeling that defense costs would drop. Others found the treaty far too favorable to the Soviets and accused the negotiators of accepting inferiority with respect to strategic systems. Then there was the debate over the deployment of an ABM system around Washington, D.C. Members of the Congress took the position that this important requirement was unacceptable, since their constituents would accuse them of providing for their own defense while they left their hometown exposed. They all missed the point that the purpose of the ABM system around the nation's capital was to protect the decision-making process in the event of a nuclear war.

So ended SALT I. What is crystal clear from the history of all SALT negotiations with the Soviets is that their long-range objective is not mutual disarmament but to gain superiority over the United States. □

SALT II:

No Meeting of the Minds

NORMAN B. HANNAH

ALL THE WORLD wants peace and disarmament, but SALT is neither. The trouble with SALT is that it does not reflect a true meeting of the minds between the United States and the Soviet Union. This doesn't necessarily discredit the whole SALT process, for it isn't extraordinary that the parties to a contract see it differently and have different objectives. It does mean that we ignore the differences only at our peril. It also means that we should ensure that Soviet and American objectives, though different, are not incompatible. We should sign and ratify a treaty only after taking these differences openly into account. So far, there has been a tendency to assume a symmetrical balance of U.S. and Soviet attitudes toward SALT. In fact, however, the SALT process is the very epitome of asymmetry—in negotiating style, and in political and military objectives. As we approach the debate on ratification, it is important to lay this asymmetry open to view. That—and not the reaching of ultimate conclusions on the particular terms of the SALT II draft—is the purpose of this article.

The *appearance* of agreement in the SALT treaties is an optical illusion which can be sustained only by ignoring the different vantage points of the United States and the Soviet Union. SALT, by its terms, tackles the arms problem from the symptomatic end, as if the proliferation of strategic arms were the cause rather than only one symptom of the real problem. That problem (formerly known as the cold war) is the underlying relationship between the U.S. and the Soviet Union in a real-world context which includes contrary ideologies, political systems, and strategic objectives, not to mention NATO, the Warsaw Pact, China, the Third World, Africa, the Indian Ocean energy, etc. Recognizing this, the Soviet Union looks through a long strategic telescope in which SALT appears as an interesting datum to be dealt with to advantage in the context of many other, often more important, data.

The U.S., on the other hand, examines SALT close up, through a magnifying glass which excludes the surrounding context. Secretary Vance has said that "SALT must be treated differently from other issues." Mr. Brzezinski has said, "We believe that limitations on strategic arms are de-

sirable in themselves . . . and . . . should not be held hostage either to other American or Soviet policies or to competition between us." It is, of course, possible to draft a text which appears in focus through both the Soviet strategic lens and the American moral-legal lens, but each side will still see something different. Accordingly, the agreement does not reflect a true meeting of the minds.

Since SALT I, the arms race itself has been asymmetrical, with most of the racing being done by the Soviet Union while the U.S. has dallied. Asymmetry runs through the whole SALT process, from negotiating methods to exchange of information and verification, from economic and political differences to strategic objectives and ultimate perceptions of history. If we face the problem directly, it is clear that genuine control of the symptomatic arms competition can result only from amelioration of the central asymmetry at its origin. In tandem, however, the two countries weave a textual pattern which allows the USSR the flexibility it requires to pursue its long-range strategy and allows the U.S. certain legal-technical formulae to apply to the symptom. The result is the tacit continuation of the very asymmetry which SALT is supposed to ameliorate. In this way the asymmetry is, to change the metaphor, subtly woven into the premises of a SALT treaty. Then the treaty acts as a tapestry whose seductive design obscures the asymmetrical threads. This part of the process is known as substituting detente for the hated cold war.

To understand this tapestry, it is useful to work from the outer legal fringes inward toward the central pattern, starting with certain alleged violations of SALT I. In considering these instances, so much attention has been focused on whether or not there were violations (usually arguable) that their real meaning has been missed—namely, that there never was a true meeting of the minds on the purposes or meaning of the treaty. As played by the Soviet Union, SALT I was like a game of hide-and-seek. The following three examples illustrate the point.

Mr. Hannah, a retired foreign service officer, is a contributing editor of NR.

1. SALT I prohibited conversion of "light" ICBM launchers into "heavy" ones. The U.S. wanted to be more specific, and the two delegation heads initialed an Agreed Interpretation saying that "the dimensions [remember that word] of land-based ICBM silo launchers will not be significantly increased." But what is "significant"? In a separate "Common Understanding" the sides agreed that "an increase will not be greater than 10 to 15 per cent of the present dimensions of land-based launchers." The U.S. wanted a specific quantitative definition, but the USSR refused, arguing that the "Common Understanding" was sufficient. So, the U.S. issued one of several "Unilateral Statements" which set out a quantitative base approximately equal to the volume of the existing SS-11, which was later rounded off to 70 cubic meters.

In 1974, the USSR began to deploy the SS-19, with a volume of over 100 cubic meters—between 50 per cent and 60 per cent over our unilateral baseline. Was this a violation? No, because the baseline was unilateral. But was it even incompatible with a 15 per cent increase in dimensions? Not if a 15 per cent increase in dimensions (not volume) is interpreted to mean an increase in length and breadth, which would permit an increase up to 52 per cent in volume. Technically, there was no violation; but, more importantly, there was no meeting of the minds. Although the U.S. had tried to reach an understanding, the USSR had refused. Why? Clearly because it had plans which it would not share with us and which took priority over an agreed definition of size.

2. The 1972 ABM treaty prohibited testing air defense radar in an "ABM mode." Unable to get Soviet agreement on a definition, the U.S. unilaterally defined this to mean, "at an altitude inconsistent with [i.e., too high for] interception of targets against which air defenses are deployed." The object was to prevent the sly upgrading of surface-to-air anti-aircraft capability to anti-ballistic-missile capability. During 1973 and 1974 the Soviet tested SA-5s and radars in an "ABM mode" but, when queried, replied blandly it had only been practicing permitted "range safety and instrumentation on an ABM range." Who is to know, without verification on the ground? Hide-and-seek. We can't be sure the Soviet SAM anti-aircraft system is not being used as a womb for gestation of an ABM system. Vagueness has its uses.

3. One more example. "Current or additionally agreed ABM ranges" were exempted from the ABM treaty. In 1975, the USSR established a new ABM radar range at the Kamchatka impact area without "obtaining additional agreement." Violation? The background is more interesting than the question of violation. At the time of negotiation, the United States, playing its customary role of pressing for open precision, gave the USSR a list of American and known Soviet ABM ranges, not including Kamchatka. Although by acknowledging its existence the USSR could automatically have gained legal exemption for Kamchatka, Moscow, in its customary posture of hardline secrecy, refused to acknowledge or deny the validity of the list, commenting only that each side's own capability for technical verification should "prevent any misunderstanding." In other words, "We accept your information on your installations and on what you know about ours, but we will not confirm. Find it if you can, but we won't tell." Hide-and-seek.

When taxed in 1975 to comment on the new radar in

Kamchatka, the USSR coolly responded that there had been a radar range in Kamchatka all along (we knew there had been an old one, which didn't count under the 1972 criteria). Now however, in 1975, when confronted directly, the USSR said it was quite content to have Kamchatka exempted under the ABM treaty. But the Soviets had been unwilling to acknowledge it in 1972 when the treaty was signed! Another deliberate refusal to cooperate in establishing a mutually recognized baseline for enforcing the treaty.

In all three cases the failure to achieve a meeting of the minds was contrived by the USSR to preserve its freedom to maneuver and conceal its intentions while accepting our unilateral statements of our intentions. Sophomoric negotiation on our part—but it also reflects the yawning gap between U.S. and Soviet views of SALT. It reveals how Soviet SALT I negotiations were animated by an aggressive strategy calculated to meet the Soviets' plans for developing new weapons to carry out their strategy. The same asymmetry continues in SALT II.

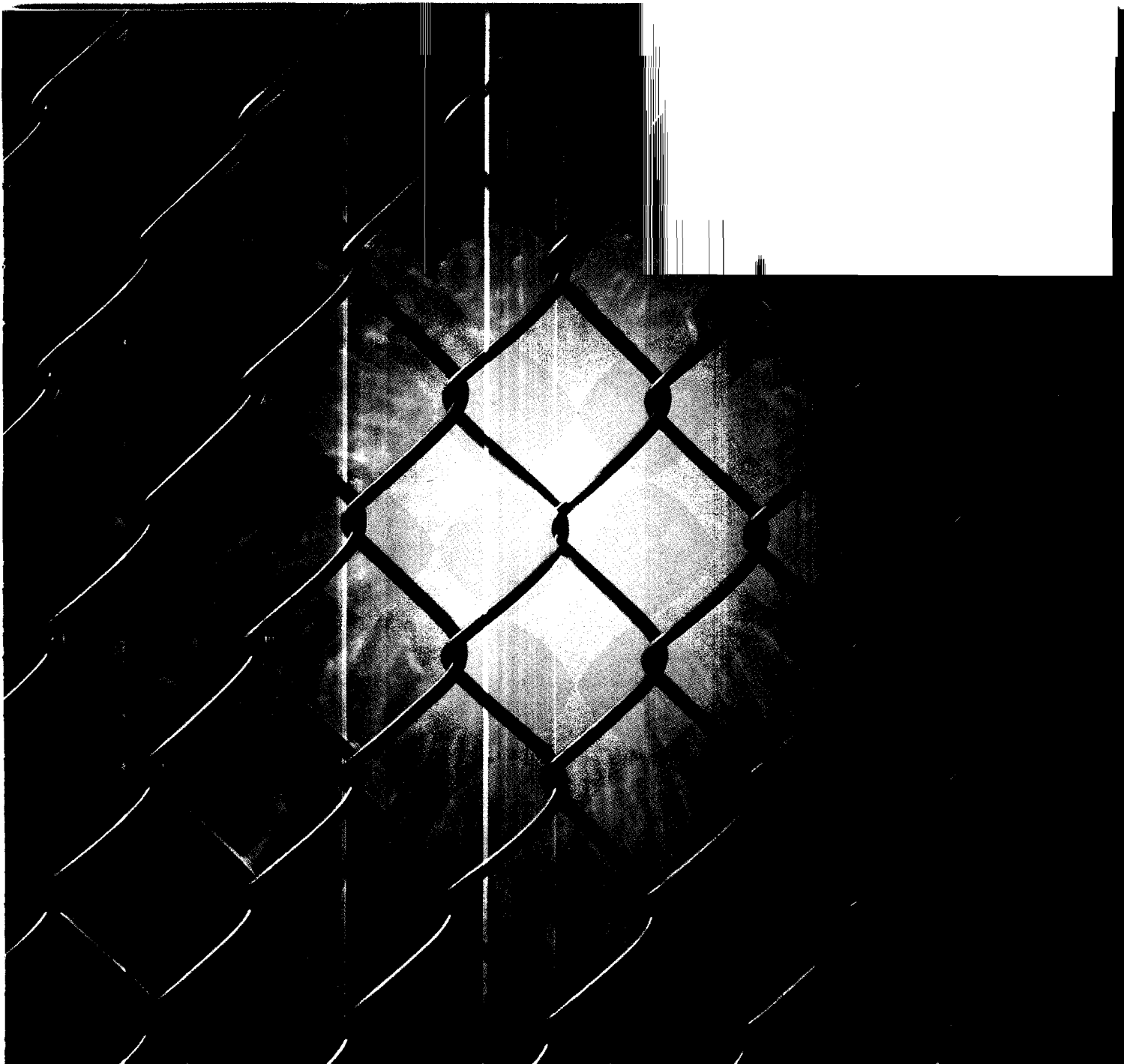
On its face, there is an appearance of equality about SALT II (see box, p. 801), particularly by contrast with SALT I, which flaunted a Soviet ceiling higher than that al-

We should not forget the sudden, unexpected Soviet termination of the nuclear test moratorium in 1963, or the fortuitous discovery of the Cuban missiles just in time in 1962

lowed the U.S. Moreover, under SALT II the USSR, with some 2,550 launchers, will have to dismantle 150 initially and another 150 after the ceiling is reduced to 2,250. The U.S. will not have to destroy any operational missiles but will destroy 200 mothballed, non-operational bombers. From this point of view, SALT II is a better agreement than SALT I—if the two are viewed separately.

But let us view the two agreements as part of a single process, continuing on to SALT III. Under SALT I the Soviets were allowed 2,350 ICBMs and SLBMs as against 1,750 for the U.S. Why the imbalance? The justification was that the imbalance was more than offset by superior American technology as well as by our B-52s, which the Soviets could not match and which were not covered. SALT II "corrects" this asymmetry by a) bringing strategic bombers under the ceiling, and b) imposing equal delivery-system ceilings and future size limits. But old asymmetries never die—they just fade into another guise. Recognizing that the trend would be toward more rigid, comprehensive limits, the USSR took advantage of SALT I's loose asymmetry by a) developing the Backfire bomber, somewhat smaller than the B-52 but capable of reaching the U.S. (although at the moment being deployed only regionally), and b) building heavier ICBMs than the 1,054 America has in its already completed inventory.

What is the result? First, the Backfire is not counted against the USSR's ceiling although the B-52 is against ours. True, we have negotiated an exchange of statements on the limited role of the Backfire, but it remains to be seen how precise and enforceable the Soviet assurances will be. The Russians prefer to keep their assurances vague and with an



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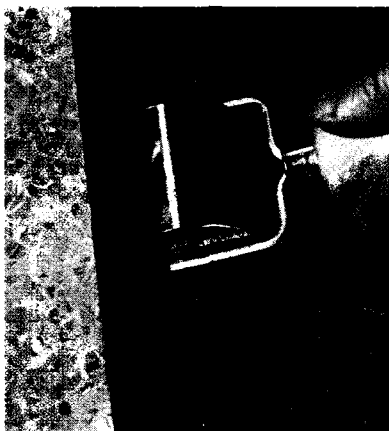
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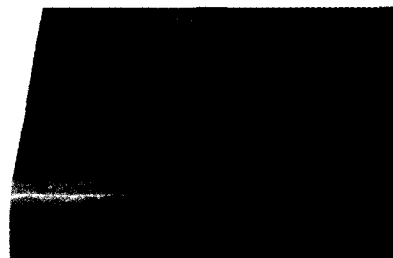


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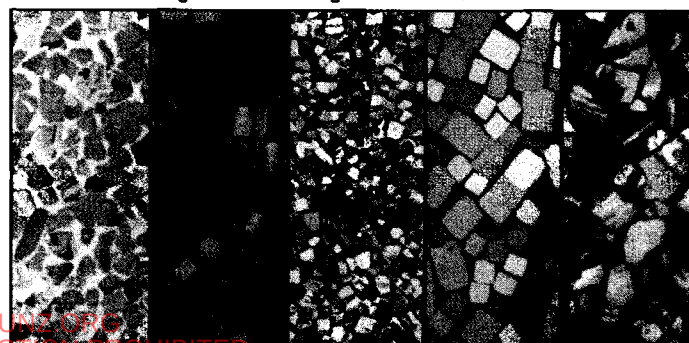
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easy exit. The problems of verifying Soviet intentions regarding use of the bomber are awesome. Given the experience of the Kamchatka radar range, we can expect that the Soviet response to any question on use of the Backfire would be to advise us to rely on our "national technical means" of verification. In other words, "Catch us if you can, but don't ask."

Second, having frustrated agreement on the definition of "light" and "heavy" missiles under SALT I, the USSR used that loophole to build 308 (or 326, depending on how they are counted) very heavy launchers (SS-17, -18, and -19), some of which carry 10 to 14 separate megaton-range warheads. Now, under SALT II, we have given up our unilateral SALT I definition of "light" (70 cubic meters) and have accepted the Soviet "heavy" missile (SS-19) as the new benchmark of "light" (well over 100 cubic meters), while the SS-18 becomes the baseline of "heavy." But it is almost academic now, since we are prohibited from matching them under SALT II anyway. We say we don't want such monsters—but why should we be prohibited from producing them? Thus, the "equality" of SALT II is really nothing more than the old asymmetry of SALT I writ

large and woven into the pattern of the SALT II tapestry.

What does it all mean? In SALT I, why did the USSR refuse a definition of "light" and "heavy" and then use the vagueness to produce hundreds of multi-megaton behemoths? Because Moscow uses the SALT process to gain ground on the U.S. This is why the USSR insisted on a form of SALT II limits on "throw weight" which are either ineffective or unverifiable. Why, in responding to our query under SALT regarding ABM testing and the Kamchatka radar range did the USSR use the "national technical means" formula to frustrate verification, not to aid it? Because secrecy is clearly their prime offset to American technology.

The most ominous asymmetry of all has to do with access to information necessary to verify performance. The USSR argues that each side should rely solely on "technical means" (i.e., satellite photography and electronic means). The appearance of balance in this formula is illusory, because the USSR has virtually total access to information in the U.S., as is normal in an open society—e.g., *Time*, *Aviation Week*, and the *Congressional Record*. The U.S., on the other hand, has to cope with the most rigidly closed totalitarian Leviathan in history and, accordingly, is confined to electronic and satellite verification. This is why CIA Director Turner distinguished between "monitoring," which he can undertake, and "verification," for which he refuses to accept responsibility. One can sympathize with him; but when he says verification raises a "meaningless question," what he is really saying is that it raises a question to which he has no meaningful answer. When he goes on to turn the verification problem over to the President and the Congress, he is inadvertently revealing that verification must be treated as a political problem, since it cannot be obtained by "monitoring" alone.

Writing in the March issue of *The New York Review of Books*, a former special assistant to President Eisenhower, George Kistiakowsky, concludes from the Soviet-U.S. agreement not to interfere with the other side's intelligence technology that "the Soviet strategists finally acknowledged in 1972 that the policy of secrecy at any cost would no longer work." Nothing could be further from the truth. As is evident from the foregoing, the USSR remains devoted to secrecy whenever possible. What happened in 1972 was that the USSR recognized it could not effectively prevent satellite and electronic coverage, so it went on to convert a necessity into a virtue from which to extract advantage. In acquiescing to technological coverage, the Soviet Union not only laid the basis for its own technological surveillance program but created a basis for protracted SALT negotiations which have had the political effect of slowing the U.S. down and gaining time for the slower pace of Soviet technological development. Accordingly, verification by "national technical means" is not a liberalizing abandonment of secrecy but a one-sided restraint on real verification. We have the capacity to apply our superior scientific and industrial technology to offset this, but it is an asset only if used fully.

This technology-verification nexus has pervasive effects. Kistiakowsky argues that by prematurely MIRVing our missiles in the 1960s in response to a "worst case" intelligence estimate of Soviet progress toward an ABM system, the U.S. triggered a fateful escalation of the "arms race." But he fails to draw a lesson from the lag of several years

SALT II in Brief

Current Limits

Both sides are limited to a total ceiling of 2,400 strategic nuclear delivery vehicles—land-based intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM) launchers, submarine-launched ballistic missile (SLBM) launchers, air-to-surface ballistic missiles (ASBMs) capable of a range in excess of 600 kilometers, and heavy bombers. In 1981, the initial 2,400 will be reduced to 2,250.

Within this overall ceiling there will be sublimits imposed equally on both sides.

- 1** Of the 2,250, neither side is permitted more than a combined total of 1,320 of the following types: a) launchers of MIRVed (Multiple Independently Targetable Re-entry Vehicle) ICBMs; b) launchers of MIRVed SLBMs; c) heavy bombers equipped for long-range cruise missiles; and d) MIRVed ASBMs.
- 2** Of the 1,320, neither side is permitted more than a combined total of 1,200: a) launchers of MIRVed ICBMs; b) launchers of MIRVed SLBMs; and c) MIRVed ASBMs.
- 3** Of the 1,200, neither side is permitted more than 820 launchers of MIRVed ICBMs.

Future Limits

- a) No increase in ICBM size or warhead numbers
- b) No new ICBM types except one on each side limited to ten warheads per missile
- c) No long range ballistic missiles on seabed or surface ships; No cruise missiles on seabed
- d) No concealment or measures to interfere with verification by "national technical means"

Cruise Missiles

- a) No range limits when launched from bombers
- b) Until 1981 both sides can test but not deploy ground- or sea-launched cruise missiles of a range over 600 kilometers
- c) After 1981 no range limits unless agreed in meantime

which was required before our "national means" could finally correct the original intelligence interpretation. This lag in intelligence confirmation derived from "technical means" precisely requires us to act without risking a four-to-five-year delay and being caught by surprise. We should not forget the sudden, unexpected Soviet termination of the nuclear test moratorium in 1963, or the fortuitous discovery of the Cuban missiles just in time in 1962.

The lag could be eliminated if the USSR would provide facilities comparable to those available to them here. But they will not do so. In fact, Soviet secrecy in all fields probably contributes more to the "arms race" than any other single factor. Soviet encoding of missile telemetry, in the face of the SALT prohibition on interfering with intelligence technology, and their tough negotiation on this point at the last moment demonstrate their intention to circumscribe verification by "technical means" and to implement the treaty clause so as to restrict—not facilitate—verification.

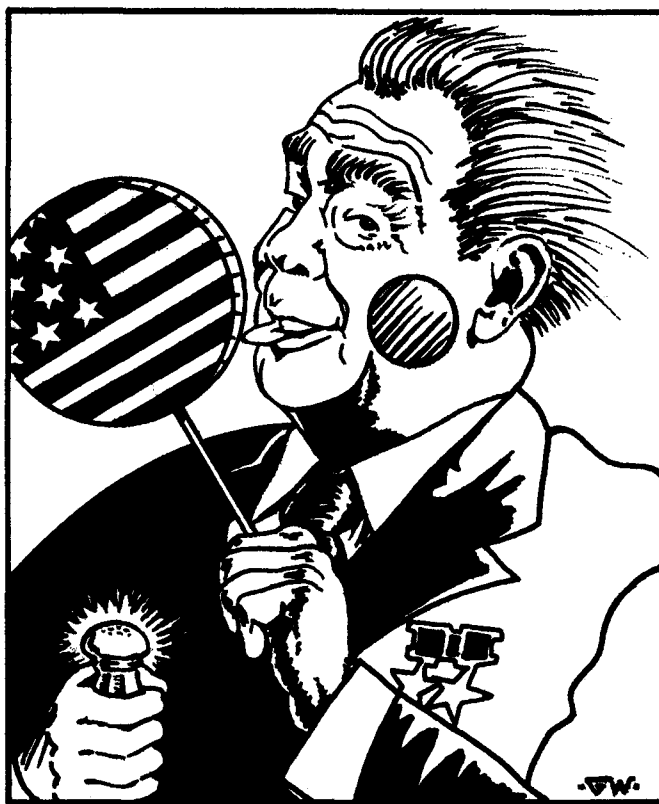
At this point the flaw in the SALT tapestry expands into a related political asymmetry. As an open society, the U.S. is sensitive to the political impact of SALT, which, by holding out the prospect of a reduced risk of war and reduced military spending, generates a kind of political "feedback" into our system. The debilitating effect of this feedback ever since SALT I can be judged from the fact that today we still have not deployed a bomber to replace the aging B-52, or a long-range cruise missile system, and we are behind in the updated Trident submarine program.

The Soviet Union, a sealed totalitarian society, is not subject to this feedback. Far less is said in the USSR than in the U.S. about SALT. Since 1972, the USSR has MIRVed its ICBMs with ten warheads (ours have three) and produced a mobile ICBM (our MX is still tentatively poised on the drawing board). From 1972 to 1980 the Soviet stock of ICBM warheads will have grown from 1,600 to over 6,500, while ours remain static at 2,154. In 1972, we had 450 heavy bombers to 140 for the USSR. Now, they are deploying the somewhat smaller Backfire, capable of strategic use, which by 1985 will number between 300 and 400—all uncounted under SALT II.

For Moscow, SALT is one instrument for advancing Russia's own competitive position. For the U.S., Mr. Brzezinski argues that while the competition will continue, "We believe that limitations on strategic arms are *desirable in themselves*." Of course, he went on to agree that "the competitive elements of our relations with the Soviet Union will remain . . ."; but, he continues, "the Soviet Union has gradually come to understand the risks of a competition that is so heavily influenced by military issues."

But this is a shallower view of the competition than that which animates Moscow. For example:

► Brzezinski sees SALT II as "helping to determine the way in which the Soviet Union will see future relations with the United States." Brezhnev, on the other hand, saw the future in 1974 when he defended the Helsinki treaty to Warsaw Pact members by revealing his vision of 1985, when "we [the USSR] will have achieved most of our objectives in Western Europe . . . And a decisive shift in the correlation of forces will be such that, come 1985, we will be able to exert our will wherever we need to."



► Brzezinski wants the Soviets "to know how they can join with us in further detente and cooperation." But Boris Ponomarev says in *Kommunist*, "Detente means extending and carrying deeper the ideological struggle and does not mean 'peaceful coexistence' of the two opposed ideologies." And *Red Star* says, "There has not been, there is not, and there cannot be a class peace between the Communist and bourgeois ideologies."

► Henry Kissinger, facing the horror of nuclear war, says, "The conflict will not admit of resolution by victory in the classical sense." Brzezinski says, "With us, the Soviet Union has come to recognize that SALT can help to contain the risks of nuclear holocaust." But *Red Star* says, "No weapon can change the political essence of war"; and Marshal Grechko has said, "Nuclear missiles will be the decisive means of armed combat"; and Brezhnev has said, "We are firmly convinced that victory in this war would go to us . . . to the socialist social system."

Here then is the master cleavage, prototype of all the lesser asymmetries—the Soviet Union's perception of itself as the leader of an inexorable historical progress toward expanding power, unlimited in space or time, a process in which nuclear weapons are to be avoided if possible, but used to win if necessary. *The main thing is to win.* Viewed from this distance, all the asymmetries and anomalies of the SALT kaleidoscope start falling into place. This does not mean that reduction of arms is impossible. It does not even mean that the specific terms of SALT II, per se, are disastrous—though they are riven with imbalance. It does mean that the United States must back away from its microscopic view of the treaty, achieve a long-range view, and then negotiate SALT terms from that perspective.

To explore the Administration's strategic perspective is the most important function of the Senate debate on SALT II. This will not be easy. Too much American thinking is predicated on a simple, static view of disarmament as a process whereby swords are beaten into plowshares while the worldwide competition gradually subsides into a gentlemanly series of good-natured political forums and international bidding on big development contracts. It is not enough to say, as Brzezinski did, that "We will need a sustained and long-term effort to protect our interests and those of our friends." We must define those interests in concrete terms and determine wherein they have *already* been violated or threatened, what historical trends affect them, and how we will cope with these trends.

Above all, what are the purposes of the Soviet Union, and how does SALT fit into *our* strategy—if it does? The intentions of the Soviets should be judged on the basis of their sixty-year performance at home and abroad as well as on the remarkably consistent expression of their ideology and their perspective on history. We must not simply read our own motives into Soviet behavior. To regard the "arms race" as a mindless sequence of Pavlovian stimuli and reac-

The Senate should not settle for any razzle-dazzle but should demand a long-range strategy, elucidating the relation between nuclear and conventional arms, into which SALT can fit

tions, as some do, reflects nothing but the mindlessness of those who speak that way.

The Senate will need a sense of history to carry out this exploration. Those Administration witnesses who believe in the Pavlovian theory of the "arms race" should be asked how it worked when, in 1947, the USSR rejected the Baruch Plan under which the United States, as the only nuclear power in the world at that time, boldly offered to turn over all its nuclear weapons and technology to an international agency.

Some will assert, as President Carter did, that "If we ever detect any violation of a SALT agreement, that would be the basis on which to reject the treaty in its entirety." Yes, but would it be done by an Administration which opposes all "linkage" and says it will apply the treaty even if disapproved by the Senate? Those who argue that we have nailed the treaty down with unilateral statements of our interpretation should be asked how effective such unilateral statements were under SALT I. Those who say suspected violations will be handled in the SALT Standing Consultative Committee should be reminded of the International Control Commission under the Geneva accords on Vietnam and Laos which, through the obstruction of Poland, guided by the USSR, never restrained Hanoi or enforced the accords.

Those who say, as President Carter has said, that even without ratification the U.S. would observe the treaty terms if the Soviets did so too should be invited to explain not only their view of our constitutional system, but how this case would differ from the bootless nuclear test moratorium

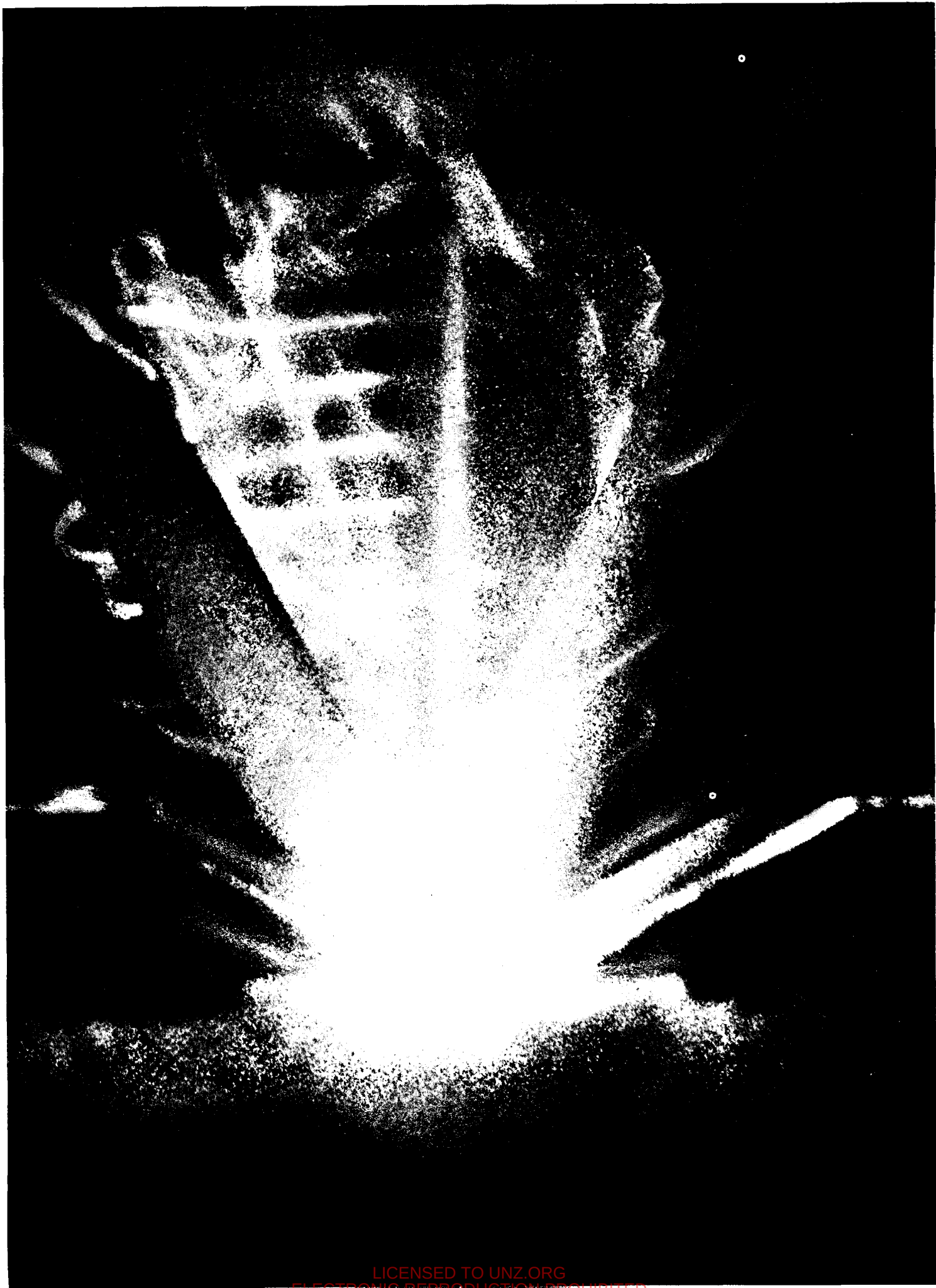
of the early 1960s which the Soviets suddenly terminated with the most violent series of tests in history, provoking President Kennedy's bitter vow that never again would the United States allow itself to be so trapped.

The Senate's favor will be curried by gestures toward greater defense appropriations, approval of new ships, mobile missiles, civil defense, perhaps even deployment of the neutron bomb and production of a new strategic bomber. The Senate should not settle for any razzle-dazzle but should demand a long-range strategy, elucidating the relation between nuclear and conventional arms, into which SALT can fit. Secretary of Defense Brown says strategic spending will increase 30 to 40 per cent with SALT II and 50 to 60 per cent without it. The Senate should determine what overarching strategy encompasses these two estimates. Indeed, the Senate should try to discover if SALT is really the *only* strategy we have and whether, as Senator Nunn fears, "We have no long-range plans except those that may evolve after we weigh the restrictions of the SALT agreement."

Far more dangerous than the actual terms of SALT II is the strategic vacuum of which it is a reflection. The danger is that SALT is a piece of political puffery designed to portray an image of detente. This view is supported by President Carter's plaintive warning that if the U.S. rejects SALT II, "The world would be forced to conclude that America had chosen confrontation rather than cooperation and peace. . . . We would no longer be identified as the peace-loving nation." As George Will properly asks, "Is this how a great nation assesses its interests?" Is this the "sustained and long-term effort to protect our interests" that Brzezinski proclaims? Or are we only preening ourselves in the eyes of world opinion?

Those who argue that since both sides already possess the capacity for "mutually assured destruction" further increments of deployed weapons are redundant, or that our balanced "triad" of land-, sea-, and air-based missiles compensates for any Soviet advantage on the ground, should be asked the total numbers of deployed nuclear warheads of all types (together with estimated total throw-weight) permitted to each side under SALT II. They should then be asked to explain any differences, to set forth the Administration's estimate of Soviet deployment intentions, to assert the Administration's deployment intentions for the U.S., and to explain the Administration's rationale for any U.S.-Soviet asymmetry in either arms or intentions.

It will be said that SALT II leaves us free to do what we need to do. But we didn't use the freedom we had under SALT I. Do we even know what to do now and will we do it? Or will political feedback cause us to continue dallying as we have dallied since SALT I? Arms control should be undertaken only by a government that knows exactly where it is going and how arms control fits into the plan. The danger is that the Administration doesn't know these things—beyond pious hopes for peace—and is therefore unable to administer arms control to the advantage of our national security. Arms control and disarmament are dangerous weapons and should not be in the hands of unserious people. Let the Senate determine the uses of arms control, teach them to the Administration if it can, and then act accordingly on SALT II. □



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LETTER FROM CANADA

Au Revoir, Pierre

DONALD COXE

THERE WAS one big surprise in the Canadian election results: there were no big surprises.

Pollsters, pundits, and public alike expected a win for Joe Clark's Tories. Trudeau's 11-year reign had clearly foundered on the shoals of inflation, plus a general disillusionment, in English Canada, with his colorful one-man rule. The only disagreement among prognosticators was whether Trudeau could hang on as Prime Minister even if the Tories won a few more seats than the Liberals.

In the event, the Tories carried every province except Quebec; they took 136 seats to the Liberals' 114, making talk of an alliance between Trudeau's Liberals and the socialist NDP academic. The NDP won 26 seats, and the rural-Quebec-based Social Credit party won six. Over all, the Tories gained 38 seats, the NDP nine, and the Liberals and Social Credit both lost ground. (Exact numerical comparisons are misleading, because there were 18 more seats at stake this time arising from new electoral boundaries.)

If the election was transmuted into a non-event, it was because of the non-occurrence during the campaign of three things widely anticipated in the media: a revival of the old electoral magic called "Trudeumania," a major breakthrough by the NDP, and the One Big Gaffe by the Tories that Trudeau could exploit. An election postmortem must consider the pathological evidence on these three advance diagnoses.

Tectonic Shift

Trudeau may be the most fascinating politician in Canadian history. He failed to excite electors this time, but he remained the focus of the campaign. The election became a referendum on Trudeau.

His last campaign speech was delivered in my home town—one of the many communities on the fringe of

Toronto that the Liberals won in 1974, but were now losing. Clark had been here a month before and drawn a supportive crowd of five hundred. Trudeau drew two thousand, but they were not the mesmerized followers of earlier campaigns. Many were there to witness the end of an era, sensing that a decisive tectonic shift had already occurred in the basic seismology of the Canadian political landscape. Trudeau looked tired and, somehow, ordinary.

On election night, Canadians saw on television the transfer of power from the beautiful people to the rest of the people. The Liberal election party in an Ottawa hotel was thronged with fashionable people, holding fashionable ideas, wearing fashionable clothes, and listening to fashionable disco music. After Trudeau gave a singularly graceless speech of concession, the networks swung to the Tory victory bash in Spruce Grove, Alberta.

The gathering was held in the "Agrena"—the local agricultural arena—and the crowd was actually singing "I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover," and "You Are My Sunshine." The TV reporter who was there to announce Clark's entry could not hide her disdain for the peasantry, and openly voiced contempt for Clark's sense of timing.

Thus Canada's political center of gravity moved West, and the Eastern clerisy prepared for a lengthy sulk.

This, the media exulted, was to be the election in which the New Democratic Party made big gains. A new election law meant that the party had millions of tax dollars for campaigning, and equal-access rules for television meant the socialists could now match other parties in commercial exposure.

The Canadian Labor Congress swung its full weight behind the NDP, and union bosses across the country contacted members, urging them not only to vote for labor's own party, but to display their support openly through lawn signs. With Trudeau's support in

English Canada vanishing, and amid a general distrust of the untried Clark, conditions for a swing in the anti-Trudeau vote to the NDP looked promising.

As the campaign ended, the NDP got a big boost when all three leaders engaged in a two-hour round-robin TV debate. Here was NDP leader Ed Broadbent on a level with Trudeau and Clark, making the party seem credible, rather than a fringe group.

Media coverage of the NDP campaign ranged from polite to adoring. For the first time in history, a major newspaper, the *Toronto Star* (biggest circulation in Canada), endorsed the NDP. Everything looked ripe for a massive gain for the Left.

Instead, the party *lost* seats in industrialized Ontario and managed to gain nationally only because of support in its Western Canadian strongholds of the Prairies and British Columbia, where the party's roots are planted in Western resentment against Eastern domination, not in industrial socialism.

What happened was that the open entry of Big Labor provoked a big backlash. Canvassers from other parties reported strong support for their own parties in households displaying NDP lawn signs. When asked why the signs were displayed, the answer was, "Pressure from my union." Like James Callaghan in the British election, Ed Broadbent discovered that labor muscle can mean voting flab.

Mod v. Clod

Joe Clark ran a cautious, controlled campaign. His polls showed him winning, and he strove merely to avoid blowing it. In 1974, the Tories gave Trudeau his re-election by campaigning for wage and price controls, thereby making themselves appear to be the Big Government party. This time, the Tories preached spending restraint and tax cuts for homeowners. If there was no glamor or vision in the Tories' pitch, there were no damaging ideas for Trudeau to run against.

The frustrated Trudeau therefore ran against Clark personally, portraying him as an inept clod with no leadership ability. Stylish Pierre made Ordinary

Mr. Cox is NR's man in Canada.

Joe look clumsy, but he failed to convince the voters that Clark would pursue dangerous policies.

Even the national-unity argument was unconvincing outside Quebec. Rightly or wrongly, voters elsewhere concluded either that separatism is on the wane in Quebec, or that it will not, in any case, lead to a national rupture, whoever rules in Ottawa.

As Quebec Goes

The new government will probably not survive more than a year, which means that Opposition Leader Trudeau will get another shot at power.

Clark will survive at least until René Lévesque holds his long-promised referendum on separation. Lévesque's strategy is to use whatever false labeling is needed to get a "Oui" vote for something that he can then claim as a mandate for breakup. All polls confirm that a straight vote asking whether Quebecers want outright separation

would produce no more than a 25 per cent favorable response—about the same range polls have shown on that question for 25 years. However, the wily Lévesque figures to be Clark's biggest problem. Meanwhile, the Tories elected only two members from Quebec, so Clark must appoint Quebecers to the largely toothless Senate in order to give Quebec a voice in his government.

Although the government's expected lifespan is measured in months, there is no gainsaying the change in the political outlook. Clark's win gave the Toronto Stock Exchange the biggest week in its history, as business looks for favorable tax and economic policies. The steady drift toward big government has been slowed, if not halted, and the Liberals could hope to regain power only by promising less of taxes, regulations, and interference from Ottawa.

The most reassuring aspect of the new government is not Clark, but the members of his caucus. Clark is a political technician, not a political thinker.

On the Tory spectrum, he would be classed as a Red Tory, of the Disraeli persuasion, except that ideas and programs do not particularly interest him. Thus he will respond to the leanings of his supporters, and they are overwhelmingly conservative: free enterprise, capital punishment, anti-Communism, and limited government find strong approval among the mostly new Tory faces.

Thus Canada has joined what seems to be the wave of the future, with its election results confirming the trend shown by Proposition 13 and the British election. The half-hearted vote for Clark reflects widespread doubts about the competence of a young man with very little experience. If he looks good in office over the next year, the move to the Tories would become decisive.

Nonetheless, the existence of a minority government at a time of major national stress means that Canada's voters have said "Au revoir" to Trudeau, not yet "Goodbye." □

Jerry's Non-Campaign

NOW THAT unannounced candidate for president Edmund G. Brown has returned from a ten-day non-campaign swing through Africa, some people are thinking that the governor of California might actually be gearing up for the 1980 race. Nothing could be farther from the truth, all parties involved declare.

In fact, quite the opposite is true. I was able to obtain a rational explanation for what was going on from Henry J. Littlefinger down at The Anybody-but-Brown for President headquarters, branches of which are springing up all over the country.

"Not running for President is an exhausting job," said Littlefinger, handing me a free cup of coffee, a doughnut, and a miniature donkey sitting in the lotus position. "It's far worse than not walking. For example, the governor spent many grueling hours for ten days not running for President. He needs all the help he can get."

As a brass band struck up the campaign theme song—"No, No, a Thousand Times No! (I'd rather die than be Prez)"—Littlefinger noted that Brown went "all the way" to Liberia, Nigeria, Kenya, and Tanzania to inform Americans that he wasn't running for President.

"He put in as many as six or seven non-campaign appearances a day there," said Littlefinger. "And, naturally, he gave as many press conferences and interviews as possible in order to use the media to get his point across."

"But why did he go to Africa for non-campaign appearances?" I asked.

"You've never heard of New Hampshire?"

The band was now playing "Just a Shanty in Old D.C.

..." as the scantily clad Brownettes passed out bumper stickers and buttons reading "Don't Draft Brown!"

"Why, the governor is even planning to make more trips abroad this year to increase his chances of not being elected President," said Littlefinger. "First, he'll go to China to convince a billion Chinese he isn't running. Then he'll be off to Europe to secure the lack of backing of our NATO allies. And last, he's going to Moscow to persuade Brezhnev that he has no interest or experience whatsoever in foreign affairs."

Just then a messenger rushed up with the latest poll. Littlefinger read it and blanched. "Good Lord!" he cried. "We're still gaining on other non-candidates. Oh, the governor will be furious when he hears about this!"

When he had regained his composure, Littlefinger said the poll proved how desperately Brown needed more help in running his non-campaign.

"Some knowledgeable people have to advise him which governors, mayors, and other local politicians he should do favors for so they'll promise not to vote for him at the Democratic Convention," he said. "Someone had to schedule his non-campaign appearances and plan his non-fund-raising events."

"And it's certainly no job for amateurs," said Littlefinger. "One little slip of the tongue and we could wind up carrying New York, California, Texas, Pennsylvania..."

"Couldn't you just put out a bumper sticker saying, 'Remember Linda Ronstadt?'" I asked.

"Sure we could," said Littlefinger. "What's a Linda Ronstadt?"

—JOHN KEEFAUVER

IN WRITING *The True Confession of One One-Issue Voter*, I was not trying to prove the case against abortion. Had that been my aim, I'd have devoted most of the article to a discussion of what a fetus is. It would have been an article about biology and psychology and metaphysics, about heartbeats and brainwaves and fingerprints and pain. I would have painted a picture of the unborn child and placed it alongside the reader's picture of a "human being" to show him how closely the two pictures matched.

But others have drawn these pictures better than I can. Besides, how could I hope to persuade with a word-picture someone to whom even a real picture of a fetus is nothing but a symbol or a slogan, a badge of zealotry to be ignored or ridiculed?

So instead of agreement, I sought understanding. I asked the reader to take me at my word on only one thing: not that the fetus *is* human, but that that there are people who *believe* it to be. Then I asked the reader what he would do if he believed people were now being killed in a clinic down the street.

If I had a political goal, it was to raise the level of the abortion debate. I would readily concede that rape, incest, threats to mental health, and even severe inconveniences are sufficient justifications for destroying any mere "mass of cells"; and virtually nobody would argue that any of these is a good enough reason to kill, say, a two-year-old child. So isn't it time we stopped arguing about things we don't disagree on?

I had hoped to persuade the reader to re-examine the evidence on the only question that really matters in the abortion debate: What is the fetus? I had hoped to show that anti-abortion one-issue voting can only be stopped by evidence (if evidence exists) that the fetus is something less than human; not by ridicule or invective, and not by focusing on the woman and ignoring her unborn child.

Perhaps I have failed. James J. Kilpatrick's response might easily have been written by one who had not seen

Mr. Rees, a New Orleans attorney, is replying to Mr. Kilpatrick's response to his "True Confession of One One-Issue Voter," both of which pieces appeared in the May 25 issue.

BROTHER TO BROTHER

Summa contra Kilpo

GROVER REES III

my article. Not for an instant does he accept my invitation to stand in the shoes of the one-issue voter. He attempts neither to refute my premise—that the fetus is a person—nor to assume its validity for the sake of argument so as to demonstrate my errors. Instead, he levels a few ugly charges (I am shrill, the voice of zealotry, a one-issue man who turns Mr. Kilpatrick off, a breaker-up of barrooms, a grinder of the faces of the poor) lest the reader not notice these things about me and be inclined to consider my arguments at face value; then he adopts me, at least for literary purposes, as his "brother" and proceeds to construct a dazzling debater's case for abortion.

Like all dazzling cases for weak propositions, it is done with mirrors. The reader is drawn to the fancy footwork; he is transfixed as Kilpatrick makes short work of several dull-witted straw men; the unborn child and his advocate are left in a neutral corner, just outside the range of the spotlight:

1) "Let me respond by talking a little history, a little law, a little politics. . . . Arguments of theology, morals and medicine are not before the house."

WHY NOT? If I were a legislator voting on a law, I would first assemble the data on the subject. If the law were one forbidding the destruction of a certain being, I would consult scientific and medical data to determine its physical characteristics. Then I would apply my understanding of metaphysics (a field distinct from theology, but apparently not before the house either, according to Kilpatrick's Rules of Order) to decide as best I could what kind of being it was. Then I would make a moral judgment about whether that kind of being ought to be protected by law.

History and law would tell me what judges and politicians of the past have decided—presumably applying their own understanding of medicine and meta-

physics and ethics. Politics would help me gauge my chances of success. But if medicine and metaphysics told me that the fetus (or Bigfoot, or Dred Scott) is a human being, and if ethics told me that all human beings ought to be protected by law, then I would work very hard to substitute my own views for those of earlier politicians and judges. Unlike Burke's self-caricature, I would support the immediate abolition of headhunting, even if it were a hallowed tradition.

Notice that without the exclusion of medical, metaphysical, and moral evidence, Mr. Kilpatrick would lose his own debate. The skillful advocate can defend *any* proposition if he can enforce the exclusionary rule of his choosing. Exclude the bloody dagger because the policeman illegally seized it, and the murdered cannot be proved guilty. Exclude moral arguments, and you can prove that Hitler was a great man.

2) "[N]owhere in the law—in common law, case law, statutory law, or constitutional law—has a week-old fetus ever been defined as a 'person.'"

That assertion, which has been making the rounds in pro-abortion circles, is false. For instance, Louisiana Civil Code article 29, enacted in 1825 and in force today, provides that "[c]hildren in the mother's womb are considered, in whatever relates to themselves, as if they were already born. . . ." *Wallis v. Hodson*, a 1740 English case, held that an unborn child of unspecified gestation was "*en ventre sa mère* . . . and consequently a person *in rerum natura*, so that by the rules of both the common and civil law, she was, to all intents and purposes, a child, as much as if born in the father's life-time."

Nor should Mr. Kilpatrick be allowed to confine the historical inquiry to a "week-old" fetus. Under Justice Blackmun's decision, whose provisions Kilpatrick says he would support as legislation, the destruction of a *three-month* fetus is "generally comparable to nipping out a child's tonsils." The Black-

mun-Kilpatrick Abortion Act further provides that *any* fetus—even a fully-developed baby about to be born—may be destroyed if its mother can find one doctor who says its continued existence will be dangerous to her physical or mental health.

At common law, the fetus was variously said to be a person, and its destruction a form of homicide, from the moment of “quickening,” or of its “formation” or “animation.” These points, ranging from several weeks to about four months of gestation, were chosen because the philosophers and scientists and lawmakers of the day did not know that there was such a thing as “conception” as we know it. They believed that sperm entered the mother’s womb and was nurtured there, and at some point *became* a fetus. In the early nineteenth century it was discovered that two separate things, the sperm and the egg, actually *united* to become one being. This discovery prompted the movement for tough anti-abortion laws.

Most American statutes were modeled after the 1828 New York statute, which prohibited the destruction of any fetus from the moment of conception, except where necessary to save the mother’s life. The anti-abortion movement was led by doctors. In 1859 a committee of the American Medical Association decried the “wide-spread popular ignorance of the true character of the crime—a belief, even among the mothers themselves, that the fetus is not alive till after the period of quickening.” Belief in the humanity of the unborn child is the cornerstone in the legislative history of American anti-abortion legislation. So Mr. Kilpatrick’s attempt to dodge the question whether the fetus is a person in fact, by claiming that it has not historically been regarded as a person at law, does not bear scrutiny.

3) “Admit one exception, such as the universal exception to save the life of the mother, and the notion of the legal personhood of the fetus is destroyed.”

Really? The soldier who shells a village, killing innocent people, does not deny their legal or actual personhood. If he is doing it because it is absolutely necessary to save other innocent lives, then a case can be made for his action. If he does it for any other reason, it is inexcusable. In any case it is killing.

Most of the laws admitting exceptions other than for the life of the mother

were of the modern “liberalized” variety. The right-to-life movement opposed these laws, precisely because they were inconsistent with the proposition that every human being has a right to live. But advocates of the new laws did not necessarily deny that the fetus is human. As one Connecticut politician, who later became a judge, told me: “Listen, I agree with you. It’s murder. But what are we going to do about all these people on welfare?”

4) “Suppose it is medically determined at an early stage that the fetus is deformed? . . . Suppose the pregnant woman is an unmarried woman in a household or a community where the bearing of an illegitimate child is a matter of lifelong shame?”

I thought medical and moral arguments were not before the house. We must now be operating under Kilpatrick’s Rules Newly Revised.

The plight of the unwed mother, or of the parents of a retarded child, is not a pleasant one. It can be alleviated by a wide range of private and public actions, not the least of which are long-overdue changes in our attitudes toward illegitimacy and the handicapped. But being deformed or illegitimate is no crime, and it does not merit the death penalty. Incidentally, some of the most zealous right-to-lifers are unwed mothers and parents of retarded children. They were urged to abort their children. Their nightmares about abortion are more vivid even than mine.

5) “I can close my eyes and still see the body of a beautiful girl, maybe 16 or 17, lying on the stainless steel table of the Morgue. She had tried abortion by knitting needle, and had died in the agonies of peritonitis.”

This is the most persuasive line in Mr. Kilpatrick’s article. It fills me with sorrow and anger. I am angry at those who told the girl that her baby was just a mass of cells; that being an unwed mother was worse than being an abortionist; that an abortion is “comparable to nipping out a child’s tonsils.” I hope we can stop illegal abortions, not just by vigilant enforcement of abortion laws and prison terms for abortionists (who, unlike pregnant women, are motivated by greed rather than panic, and who know exactly what it is they are destroying), but also by convincing girls and women that abortion is the worst of all possible alternatives.

If Mr. Kilpatrick wishes to swap horror stories, I urge him to imagine what it would be like to be cut limb from limb with a scalpel, or burned to death in a saline solution. . . . What’s that? Excuse me, I almost forgot. Anti-abortion horror stories are shrill. Pro-abortion horror stories are deeply moving.

6) “If a man is not right on abortion (or gun control, racial balance busing, the Panama Canal, snowmobiles, or a balanced budget), out with him! Send the rogue away!”

Thus Kilpatrick derides the one-issue voter. By lumping abortion together with these other issues, and with Prohibition, he implies that nothing more is at stake.

I WONDER if anything could make Mr. Kilpatrick a one-issue voter. Suppose the United States had killed six million Jews in gas chambers. Suppose the Russians were invading Virginia. Could he vote under any circumstances for a politician who proposed to continue the gassing, or not to resist the invasion?

If not, then we are indeed brothers. We differ only in this: He believes abortion is like snowmobiles. I believe it is like gas chambers.

We can resolve our differences only by embarking in good faith on the essential inquiry: Is the unborn child a person? Not a “person” under the Rule in Throckmorton’s Case or according to the latest Gallup Poll, but a person *in fact*. Is it more like a newborn baby or an appendix? No exclusionary rules against medical or metaphysical evidence, no straw man, no mirrors will be necessary: we are long past keeping score. I would listen sincerely to any argument he could make that there is some point after conception and before the age of reason at which an essential change takes place, at which it is possible to say, “A moment ago there was a mass of cells. Now there is a person, with the right not to be killed.” And I hope he would listen sincerely to my argument that life is a continuum, from the moment the new being comes into existence until the moment of natural death, and that it is too precious to trifle with.

Perhaps if we could have such a sincere talk, I would no longer be shrill. And perhaps he would no longer be tone-deaf. □

Ayatollah-ism

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

IT IS SAFE to say that the sudden, disruptive rise of Islam in Iran surprised most Western observers. They were used to the photographs of President Carter embracing the Shah, to the stories of oil wealth, to the assurances that the Shah was modernizing. They really should not have been surprised, though. Islamic fervor has never abated, although its political influence has undergone periodic ebbs and flows.

Consider the trend now. Islam thrives in Turkey, in spite of Ataturk, and the current Turkish rulers worry about a revolt of their own Ayatollahs. Long before the Shah was exiled from Iran, the Afghans successfully resisted the Western reforms of King Amanullah, who was forced to abdicate and was exiled. His successor, Nadir Shah, suffered a worse fate; he was murdered by a Moslem zealot. Now the Afghans are fighting a "holy war" against the Communist regime of Taraki.

Enthusiasm for Islam is increasing today in the southern Philippines, in Malaysia, in Indonesia, and even in the most advanced Islamic nations, where Western habits and styles are fiercely resisted. Even in stable Egypt and Tunisia, the rulers necessarily defer to the Islamic orthodoxy of their people. And in the Soviet Union, the millions of Islamic subjects provide a constant source of anxiety in the Kremlin. (I once asked a Tartar taxi driver from Kazan who prayed five times each day regardless of official disapproval what he thought of the atheists around him. "They are lower than dogs," he said.)

I recently discussed with a group of scholars the enigma of Islam's survival and resurgence, and of its recognition by the West. We agreed that for religious bodies there are always alternating periods of decline and revitalization. Christianity, for instance, took 1,200 years to achieve something like maturity in the Middle Ages. But its

influence has periodically waned since, at least among intellectuals: first at the end of the Renaissance, then at the end of the eighteenth century, and again at the present time. But the rise of Islam was meteoric. Within a century of Mohammad's death, Islam dominated from the Pyrenees to the Himalayas. Except for the Byzantine Empire, Islam established cultural standards far superior to those of Christendom.

But eventually the star of Islam lost its luster—especially in the arts, in architecture, and in letters. Perhaps it was competition from the fifteenth century Renaissance of Western culture. Perhaps it was the isolation, as a matter of dogma, of women: if, in any culture, one-half of the population is excluded from inspiration and action, there will eventually be some form of crisis. In any case, except for the temporary and limited military conquests of the Turks, the Moslem world declined, culturally and politically—a decline stopped only by the end of Western colonialism, and the discovery of oil.

AS A MATTER of faith, of course, Islam has retained all its fervor. The Islamic faith is exclusive and demanding. A Moslem almost defines himself by his orthodoxy. No doubt there are some skeptics among the Moslem faithful; but criticism of the Prophet is risky, and so most "free-thinkers" think freely only among themselves.

Christianity by contrast has been intellectualized, a legacy of Greek philosophy. It has been thrown willy-nilly into the domain of logic, reason, and debate. The so-called "Great Ages of Faith," the Middle Ages, were actually the ages of Scholasticism, the forerunner of modern rationalism. It is rarely understood that the Reformation was essentially a conservative reaction

against this "modernism"; Luther's insistence on salvation by faith alone was a sign of very strong faith indeed. Christianity has always tended toward universality. The Moslem, Am'r, burned the famous library at Alexandria because (he said) "if these books contradict the Koran they must be destroyed and if they say the same things they are superfluous"; this is not typically a Christian attitude.

The exclusivity of Islam was underscored for me during a recent lecture at a Jesuit center. Catholic, Reformed, and Jewish scholars were present, along with one Moslem. I expressed satisfaction at the presence of a member of the largest non-Christian religion, a faith inspired by both Judaism and Christianity. The Moslem was insulted. He noted indignantly that the inspiration for Islam came directly from Allah. And he asked how I in turn would feel had he claimed that Christianity had a Jewish heritage? Of course I was defended by everyone, since the Jewish influence on Christianity is undeniable; my friend was dumbfounded.

I believe Islam derives its strength primarily from two sources: the compactness of its faith, based on simple notions easily understood; and its fervent reliance on prayer. The Moslem knows and cares little of the theological abstractions of the West. The tenets of Islam are expressed succinctly and without compromise. Except for a few dietary restrictions (occasional fasts, no alcohol or pork), there are few other proscriptions, except among aberrant sects. Meanwhile, prayer breeds conviction, especially when it is done five times each day. How many of Christianity's modern theologians pray even once each day? Since Moslems communicate so fervently and frequently with Allah, even the Islamic fatalism, *kismet*, provides zeal, courage, and joyful aggressiveness for Allah, rather than indolence and quiet despair.

How will a return to the strict reading of the Koran affect the semi-Westernized nations of Islam? Predictions are hazardous where zealous faith is such a powerful motivating force. Meanwhile, the battles that have already begun in Iran—over the veil for women and the charging of interest in banks—demonstrate that the potential problems are more easily explained than solved. □

THESE ARE HARD TIMES for people who, like myself, believe in public schools. I live in the Bay Area, and I have just learned, for example, that in Walnut Creek, a relatively conservative upper-middle-class enclave, junior-high-schoolers are divided into stoners and non-stoners—the former being pupils who spend much of the school day hopped up on drugs. The teachers know what's going on, but cannot or will not do anything about it. In an elementary school in a quiet town north of Berkeley, a gang of sixth-grade boys recently dragged a girl into the boys' room and forcibly fondled her, presumably attempting to rape her. The boys were apprehended, but got mild punishments and were quickly readmitted to school.

In the May issue of the usually liberal *Washington Monthly*, editor Joseph Nocera writes on "Saving Our Schools from the Teachers' Union"—an account of the recent teachers' strike in Washington, D.C. According to Nocera, the teachers are inept, overpaid, underworked, and almost impossible to fire; they preside over one of the worst public school systems in the country as measured by standardized tests such as the SAT. The teachers seem to think the schools are run for their benefit, not the students'. They appear to be unwilling to make any sacrifice to improve the education of their charges and are arrogantly indifferent to the notion that their pay and benefits should have some relationship to their performance.

Sexperts

Already reeling from this account I found the lead article in the Spring 1979 *Public Interest*, "Turning Children into Sex Experts" by Jacqueline Kasun, to be a knock-out blow. A professor of economics at Humboldt State University, she analyzes the prevailing sex-education literature. The curriculum guide for seventh- and eighth-graders in her city of Arcata in northern California "specifies that 'the student will develop an understanding of masturbation,' will view films on masturbation,

will 'learn the four philosophies of masturbation . . . by participating in class debate,' and will demonstrate his understanding by a 'pre-test' and a 'post-test' on the subject." Planned Parenthood literature recommended for local high-school use suggests that masturbation is an acceptable way to relax, that approving attitudes toward homosexual practice are to be encouraged, and that "sex roles" are learned instead of innate—implying that they should be unlearned.

One teaching unit has students "role-play" the parts of effeminate men and masculine women, and then . . . 'collect magazine . . . articles . . . and pictures of famous persons who possess attributes of the opposite sex.' Seventh- and eighth-graders "receive information about the legality and safety of abortion and the 'services available' to them (i.e., the availability of abortion . . . to any girl without her parents' consent or knowledge)." In Ferndale, California, the curriculum guide "suggests that high-school students work as boy-girl pairs on 'physiology definition sheets' in which they define 'foreplay,' 'erection,' 'ejaculation,' and similar terms. Whether or not students are satisfied with their 'size of sex organs' is suggested as a topic of class discussion. . . ."

The underlying philosophy is one of laissez-faire, free markets, and rugged individualism. Sex is a form of recreation, and just as some people prefer tennis to bowling, some prefer masturbation or homosexuality to marital intercourse. Nothing—religion, community norms, "sentimental" notions about love and commitment, the life of unborn babies—nothing is to interfere with individual preference and self-gratification. Doomsday views of overpopulation are one-sidedly stressed, so as to force one to the conclusion that separating sex from having babies—whether via masturbation, homosexuality, birth control, or abortion—is positively virtuous.

What sex education now amounts to is a complete world-view, which Professor Kasun calls a "secular religion." Inasmuch as the government is funding

this new religion with millions of dollars, interesting constitutional questions are raised.

The name of this new religion, I would add, is Secular Humanism; and it should indeed qualify as a religion according to Supreme Court definition. In this regard, the Heritage Foundation's pamphlet "Secular Humanism and the Schools," by Onolee McGraw, is to be recommended.

Much more can be said about the dismal state of our public schools, but even when only the above information is considered, one is grateful for the continued existence of private schools—if only because they provide parents and students with alternatives. I have always distrusted non-religious private schools as bastions of social privilege, but I'm no longer sure they're necessarily more insidious than public schools.

Enter the IRS

It was in this spirit that I approached Donald J. Senese's article, "The IRS and the Private Schools," in the Spring 1979 *Policy Review* (a stimulating new quarterly also published by the Heritage Foundation). The Internal Revenue Service is seeking to tighten up regulations governing withdrawal of tax-exempt status from "segregation academies" (formed to sidestep school integration). Senese, a researcher with the Republican Study Committee in the U.S. House of Representatives, argues the new regulations, which open the door to the quota mentality, constitute a threat to private (and parochial) education as such. As persuasive as his case is that these regulations go too far, he leaves the impression that to defend private (and parochial) schools one must also be willing to shield segregated schools. From a tactical, not to mention moral, point of view, this position obviously has it weaknesses. It is analogous to the notion that to be a friend of public schools and labor unions one must shield all the abuses carried on in their names. There must be another, middle way between these extremes. □

Books Arts & Manners

Liberty as a Dirty Word

J. P. McFADDEN

A Private Choice: Abortion in America in the Seventies

By John T. Noonan Jr.

Free Press, 244 pp., \$11.95

Sacrificing your queen is an unusual way to open a chess game. Yet Professor Noonan does something of the sort in this book: he concedes that great American word Liberty to the opposition. And gets away with it, I'd say: before you finish this book, "liberty," when it comes to abortion, is a dirty word.

The background is now generally known. In 1973, the Supreme Court in effect legalized abortion-on-demand nationwide, striking down existing restrictive laws in every state. But the Court's final solution did not take. Opposition has mounted steadily year by year; abortion has become a major *political* issue (it was directly responsible for some major upsets in last year's elections) and shows no signs of fading away, as many people hoped it would.

Nowadays abortion is frequently compared to slavery as the kind of intractable issue that a consensus society cannot digest. Noonan, for one, sees it that way: "Once or twice in a century," he writes, "an issue arises so divisive in its nature, so far-reaching in its consequences, and so deep in its foundations that it calls every person to take a stand." That is why abortion has become, like slavery, "a plague for the parties and the party professionals. . . . Legalized as a private act, abortion has become a public issue."

He conducts his analysis as a series of "Inquiries," beginning with one into the "nature of the present conflict": i.e., each act of abortion is, by the High Court's decree, "a private decision," yet the judiciary has had to intervene constantly "to sustain the liberty of abortion against public repudiation." Which is of course true: state after state (and even cities—Akron, Ohio, for instance,

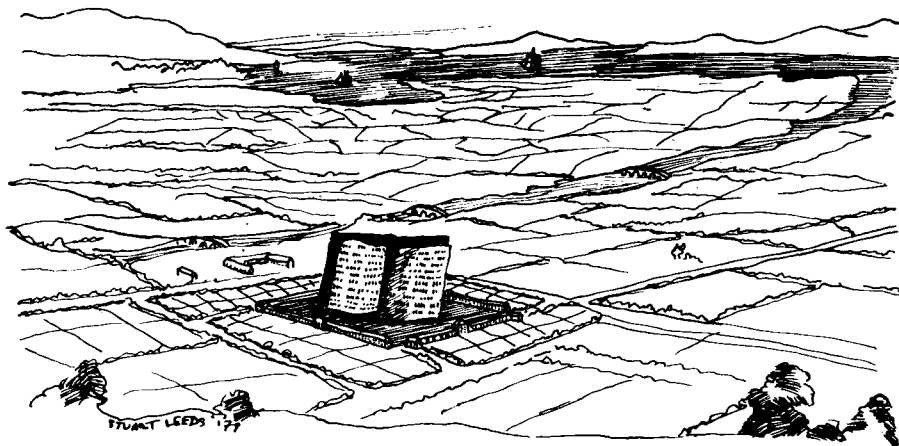
with its "informed consent" ordinance) has attempted to hamstring enforcement of abortion-on-demand by the courts, often through the most ingenious legislation, and obviously under heavy pressure from the voters (which explains why, as fast as the judges slap them down, new laws get passed).

Noonan proceeds to a discussion of the constitutional question: the Framers, he notes with driest irony, "do not appear to have contemplated the subject of abortion," but while "the words of the Constitution did not change . . . on January 22, 1973, its meaning did. . . . Justice Harry Blackmun found in the Ninth Amendment's reservation of power to the people or in the Fourteenth

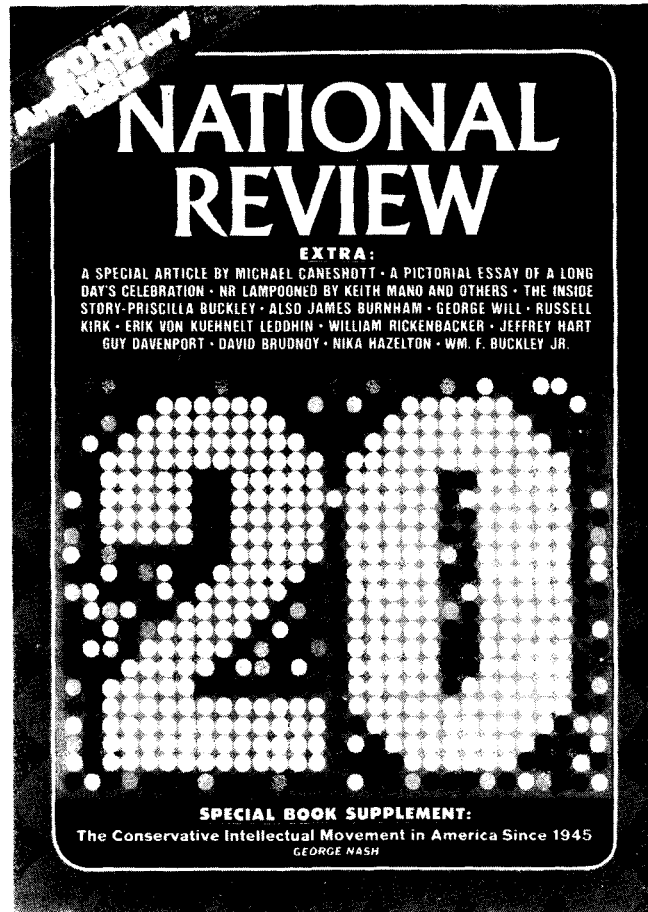
Amendment's reference to liberty—he was not entirely sure in which—a liberty to consent to an abortion. On that date the Constitution came to mean that abortion was an American freedom."

Noonan pursues "the liberty" (as he will consistently refer to it) through a baker's score of such Inquiries. His chapter titles conjure up the matters involved: "On the Full Dimensions of the Liberty"; "On the Political Constituencies of the Liberty"; "On the Financing of the Liberty"; and so on. Probably the most damaging to the pro-abortion case is Number Ten ("On the Application of the Liberty to the Family"), in which he lays bare the devastating results that "The Abortion Cases" have produced in family law: precedents have been stood on their heads and now mean the *opposite* of what they once taught (Noonan is a strong believer in the *teaching* function of the law). So: "Rights that had been thought older and more fundamental than the state became delegations of power from the state. Even the right to procreate became a state-delegated power when exercised by a male [the right of a woman to an abortion having been declared absolute]. As the state had no power to stop abortion, it

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had no power to protect its delegation of procreation to a man." More, the right of parents to supervise the behavior of their children has been much diluted: "The abortion decision became a matter of litigation between minor child and the state, which the parents need never know about."

ALL DEPLORABLY true, of course. The cases are there to back him up, with more, and undoubtedly worse, cases on the way. For instance, in the still pending case in South Carolina where an aborted baby lived twenty days before succumbing to injuries allegedly caused by the abortionist, a federal judge (Clement Haynsworth, President Nixon's rejected appointee to the Supreme Court) ruled the doctor innocent without a trial, even though this meant interfering with a state case that was already in progress. Here, says Noonan, "Judge Haynsworth declared constitutionally dead the common-law rule. He advanced beyond *The Abortion Cases* to invalidate an ordinary homicide statute as 'flagrantly and patently violative' of the liberty of abortion."

By the time Noonan arrives at Inquiry Number 21 ("Why the Liberty Must Be Limited and Surpassed"), he has laid an impressive groundwork for his conclusions, which he delivers in a series of short and solid blows: "the liberty" has no constitutional foundation; it was established by an act of "raw judicial power"; it rests on "serious errors"; it is "destructive of the structure of the family." And the coup de grace: "The liberty divides the country. Never before has the nation been split on who shall live and who shall die. Only once has it been split on who was to be respected as a person and who was not." *The Abortion Cases* are our generation's *Dred Scott*.

I have quoted heavily, because this is a quotable book. Noonan writes with a restrained, compressed passion from beginning to end, and he writes well. This is not a book that will please those who support "the liberty," nor will it please those who prefer not to face the issues he raises. My own guess is that it won't please a great many anti-abortion readers either—Noonan is not at all a typical "pro-lifer." He sees no quick and easy way to reverse the Court, much less wipe out the great damage already done. He advocates a constitutional amendment "restoring to the states the power taken from them" by the "vote of

seven men," so that once again Americans can provide for "the safeguarding of the lives of future generations." He has no illusions about how difficult this will be, but reminds us of the cost of supporting "the liberty" that claims lives by the millions ("No plague, no war has so devastated the land").

This is undoubtedly the best book so far generated by the abortion dilemma and may well remain for many years an argument that both sides will have to answer. □

A Better Guide than Reason: Studies in the American Revolution

By M. E. Bradford

Sherwood Sugden, 220 pp., \$4.95

THE AMERICAN PROPOSITION

GEORGE W. CAREY

As Jeffrey Hart's fine introduction to this volume makes abundantly clear, Mr. Bradford, in the 11 "occasional essays" printed here, addresses himself to one of the most important questions of our age: What is—to borrow from John Courtney Murray—the "American proposition"? Who are we? What are we? How did we get here? Why?

Moreover, in this enterprise Bradford brings to bear a unique combination of skills and perspectives, principally those of the political theorist, literary critic, textual analyst, and historian. What emerges are provocative and challenging propositions.

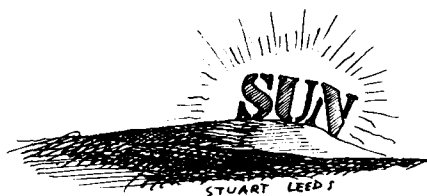
Clearly, one of Bradford's major concerns is to show a continuity, not only within the American tradition, but between the American tradition and the Western tradition as a whole. At one level, he is convinced that the modern scholarship (for example, that of Bailyn and Wood) which emphasizes a presumed "discontinuity of the America which struggled to achieve independence with its pre-Revolutionary English past" is, quite simply, "incorrect." With Rus-

sell Kirk, he argues that there is an "English continuity" to our tradition or, to put this more precisely, a linkage between American experience and the morality and principles that guided the "Old Whigs" and "moderate Tories."

But Bradford presents an even bolder thesis than this. He maintains in his opening essay, "Teaching for Republicans: Roman History and the Nation's First Identity," that the Roman Republic, its growth and values, served as a model which inspired many of our early statesmen and leaders. The chief characteristics of its growth, as Bradford pictures them, were those of an "organic" dialectical process: "a few tribes in central Italy" eventually produced a "cohesive unity, bound by blood, place, and history, slowly absorbing neighboring cities and people," but only after they "had earned their right to absorption." Subsequently, according to Bradford, there was a redistribution of the "sources of power . . . whenever the amiable interaction of [the Republic's] constituent parts required such readjustment." In other words, "Rome was not made but grew."

BUT WHAT of the values that developed through this evolutionary process? What truly republican virtues emerged? Among them, Bradford contends, are a "sense of honor," love of country, "personal pride," along with an "intense" loyalty to family and clan, and a respect for tradition and the "tested ways." Yet, in light of his major thesis, it is the process by which these values were cultivated and realized that is most significant. Stated otherwise, these republican virtues were not the result of any master plan, any utopian design, or any variety of gnosticism. Hence the title of this book, *A Better Guide than Reason*.

The following essays, in one fashion or another, are related to this Roman Republic thesis. From Bradford's vantage point, the American Revolution and the rhetoric surrounding it represent a reaction to England's deviations from the essence of both the procedures and the values which were the hallmark of republican Rome. On this score, he writes in the final essay: "Separation came from the other [the English] side. Americans remained within the inherited identity, keepers of that most basic and inviolate of compacts, between the living, dead, and yet unborn."



Other propositions, far more controversial, flow from Bradford's approach: Those who have, so to speak, betrayed the principles of our heritage are the gnostics, utopians, and millenarianists, a theoretical breed that cannot accept the principle of "cooperative liberty," because they presume to know the answers to the most perplexing problems of human existence. Bradford points his finger at New England. Its heritage, he feels, fell easy prey to the rhetoric and reasoning that led to the "War between the States." Addressing this point, he writes:

Perhaps nowhere in the history of man has the millennialist impulse been so thoroughly set at liberty within our own borders. Certainly we cannot find an equivalent in the official utopian states behind the Iron Curtain, nor even in the brief revolutionary phases of French and English history. Only here have men, without major interference, labored *in time* a century or more in order to *abolish time*.

It is on these same grounds that he excoriates Lincoln ("Father Abraham") and Harry Jaffa. The equality of which Lincoln and Jaffa speak, he contends, amounts to an "equality of condition," an equality not only foreign to our heritage but also "the antonym of every legitimate conservative principle."

In contrast to the New England/Lincoln/gnostic approach, Bradford maintains, the South has remained relatively steadfast to the genuine principles of the Roman tradition, as modified and improved by the "Old Whig" tradition. For example, Patrick Henry did not want his culture "poured from the top down" and Jefferson wanted his politics "from the bottom up," a state of affairs which for Bradford constitutes "popular sovereignty in the deepest sense of that term."

No doubt Bradford's critics have argued and will argue that he has *superimposed* a symmetry upon our tradition, and that he has done so in large part because of his admiration for the Roman republicans, the "Old Whigs" and certain Southern rhetoricians. There can be no question on the basis of these essays that Bradford is—and will, in the absence of a miracle, continue to be—a proud Southerner, one among many who are displeased with the Northern liberal interpretation of our tradition. What is more, he writes of a way of life that has produced many of our finest leaders, citizens, and soldiers—a way of life we should honor, respect,

and cultivate. Yet, for all of this, he is too hard on New England, the Midwest, and, by implication, the other sections of our country. It is presumptuous and preposterous to believe that the South has a near-monopoly on whatever virtues may survive from our tradition.

Let us leave aside the understandably

biting rhetoric that flows from Bradford's pique with the North and its intellectual crowd (after all, the South is the only region to have been built on the grounds that it is intellectual and morally inferior to the rest of the country). His message, as I see it, comes down to the fact that there are problems with Imperial Washington

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that we are in the process of losing that precious, almost indefinable quality of life which renders a people free under the umbrella of ordered liberty.

In sum, this work illustrates the truth that our nation is too big and diverse to be run from the narrow confines of Washington, D.C. If one wants to know why, one need go no further than the Bradford essays. □

SWELL LETTERS

Young Adolf

Beryl Bainbridge

George Braziller, 219 pp., \$7.95

HITLER IN LIVERPOOL

SELDEN RODMAN

Were it not for the title, superimposed upon a soft-focus shot of the familiar, baleful face, and were it not for an "Afterword" by the author, explaining her reasons for believing that Adolf Hitler did indeed spend several months of the year 1912 in Liverpool and her desire to explain plausibly why the future warlord kept his English visit a lifelong secret, one could review Beryl Bainbridge's book as the novel it claims to be. In which case—affecting not to know who "Young Adolf" was and what he became—one would have to say that the story is altogether boring and pointless and would never have been published had it arrived in the mail under a name without credentials. And this despite the fact that Beryl Bainbridge grew up in Liverpool and must be presumed to be describing that dismal city as it was in 1912 with painful accuracy.

Knowing, however, what we do know about the protagonist's actual historical identity, a different set of questions must be asked and answered. Assuming that Hitler did spend time in England—Robert Payne's biography is the only one to mention the possibility—is the character in this novel consonant with the very great deal already known about Hitler's life up to 1912? More important, does Beryl Bainbridge's exploration of Young Adolf's character help in any way to explain the enigma of what he became and accomplished between 1912 and 1945?

RANDOM NOTES

■ **LAST OF THE JUNE CROP:** Two books on the late Dorothy L. Sayers, creator of the Lord Peter Wimsey mysteries: the first is *Dorothy L. Sayers: A Literary Biography* (Kent State, \$15), by Ralph E. Hone; the second, *As Her Whimsey Took Her: Critical Essays on the Work of Dorothy L. Sayers* (Kent State, \$15), edited by Margaret P. Hannay. We haven't seen either of them. . . . The title of C. S. Lewis at the Breakfast Table: *And Other Reminiscences* (Macmillan, \$9.95), edited by James T. Como, sets the scene aptly: the book is a collection of 24 essays by all sorts of people, from professors to car-hire drivers, who had in common a personal acquaintance with Lewis.

Henry Regnery's *Memoirs of a Dissident Publisher* (Harcourt, \$12.95) describes the woes and triumphs of a firm which, ideologically as geographically, has had no truck with Third Avenue's Publishers' Row. . . . E. B. White, remote on his Maine farm, has edited *Onward and Upward in the Garden* (Farrar, \$12.95), a collection of gardening pieces by his late wife, Katherine S. White, for years an editor at *The New Yorker*. . . . In *The Making and Unmaking of a Soviet Writer* (Ardis,

\$10), Anatoly Gladilin casts a fairly strong light on the habits and follies of Soviet literary circles. Translated by David Lapeza.

Victor Lasky's *Jimmy Carter: The Man and the Myth* (Marek, \$12.50) is headed for the bookstores. Snore. The national attention has already shifted from Plains to Hyannis Port. . . . *The Politics of War* (Harper & Row, \$15) by Walter Karp is a pretty silly book. According to the author, "The Republican oligarchy wanted and needed" World War I. If you can believe that, you can hand over 15 bucks for more of same without blinking.

■ **COMING IN JULY:** Richard Phalon's *Your Money: How to Make It Work Harder than You Do* (St. Martin's, \$8.95) is an excellent book on personal money management. . . . *Darwin and the Mysterious Mr. X: New Light on the Evolutionists* (Dutton, \$12.95) is yet another posthumously published volume of Loren Eiseley's writings. Elegant work.

■ **ALGER HISS IN THE POST-WEINSTEIN ERA:** Morton Levitt, a socio-psychiatric writer, and his son Michael argue, in *A Tissue of Lies: Nixon v. Hiss* (McGraw-Hill, \$14.95), that Allen Weinstein's *Perjury* either overlooked or covered up "shocking" evidence pointing to Hiss's innocence. (That old FBI-manufactured Woodstock again.)

The fictional character is not at odds with the historical one. We already know that up to the outbreak of World War I—in which Hitler gained self-confidence and acquired a specific mission in life—he was a drifter; paranoid, bigoted, hero-worshipping, bemused by Richard Wagner's operas, impressed by the racist Indian-killer "Old Shatterhand" in the popular Westerns of Karl May, but little different in these respects from thousands of other half-educated Austrians of the *Lumpenproletariat*. The fictional character, because we see him mainly as a self-pitying failure, clownishly inarticulate and afraid of his own shadow, is less believable in terms of what Hitler was to become than the creature of non-fiction who at least impressed his friends (Kubizek, Hanisch) with the power of his obsessions and his oratorical gifts.

There is not a hint in this novel of the qualities that enabled the historical Hitler to come so fearfully close to con-

quering the world. Is it possible that the supreme self-confidence, the understanding of mass-psychology, the mesmerizing rhetoric, the physical courage, and that intellectual ability to organize brilliantly within the boundaries of his prejudices which so impressed Sir Hugh Trevor-Roper and others—is it possible that all these attributes of Hitler's genius appeared for the first time in the trenches during World War I? If so, any fictional (or non-fictional) attempt to throw light on Hitler's character would have to focus on those crucial years. As it is, Beryl Bainbridge succeeds only in making the phenomenon of Adolf Hitler more incomprehensible than it was before.

One suspects, in the last analysis, that no book about Hitler, fictional or otherwise, will ever explain the horror of what happened. The focus will have to shift from the conductor to the orchestra and the audience. What had made Europe so receptive to such a madman? so ready to endure and not notice what was being done? In fact, that question should be extended from Central Europe to the rest of the world. □



The Family
By David Plante

Farrar, 301 pp., \$8.95

A SQUARE, SIMPLE HOUSE

N. E. CONDINI

Religion or, better still, grace is the pervading force in this novel, framing a story direct and simple in its outward manifestations. But the simplicity and apparent plainness contain a power that finally erupts—converging into that imponderable force which keeps men together in spite of their own likes and dislikes, which accounts for the inexplicable suffering they undergo in this world, and which transmits the messages of the dead to the living. Grace, expressed in humble prayer, imparts an unusual glow to the author's style and heightens the chronicle of a small Canadian town to a cogent, delicate pitch.

The Jamesian eye of *The Family* is Daniel, a child morbidly interested in universalizations, in the perfection of the body, in the taunted and mangled figure of the crucified Christ. Thirsty for anonymity and innocence, Daniel is the imaginative poet through whose mind the feelings and thoughts of the Francoeur family are filtered, from their obscure beginnings to the present. He records the struggles of grandparents, uncles, and aunts; of his father, Jim, and his mother, Reena; and of his six brothers. He gives shape to all the members of his clan, molding language to his objectivity and their needs.

There is, in each of the Francoeurs, an individual song which expresses his or her life. The characters speak or muse, as they move from childhood to maturity, from town to the country and back to town, like the many strings of one instrument, memory; a memory so tender that the words occasionally quiver with sudden languors—but without ever falling into sheer sentimentality.

As we learn of Jim's losing his job in a file shop because of his refusal to join a labor union, of his wife's inability to cope with the pressures of a mental breakdown, and of Philip's eviction from home, we transcend the daily

occurrences in a family's existence and see Albert's capacity for stoicism; the biblical solitude of Daniel, caught between father's pride and mother's weakness like his namesake prophet in the lair; and the Catholic symbolism of the cross with all its implications of nails, torture, thorns, and blood.

The Family presents us with the fresh flavor of the Christian "news." Love does not impose itself upon us as a word or a commandment: it simply permeates the novel, closely intertwined with its opposite but ultimately persuading people to sacrifice themselves for others and to do it with joy. Matante Oenone speaks of the purpose the cataract in her eye has in her daily life:

It sometimes feels as though it's boiling. I think I know a little what it must be like to be in hell. But they can't offer up their pain, and I can. I didn't sleep all night long. Maybe the devil's in my eye, that eye, and he makes the pain so great to try to force me to plead with him to take it away. But I don't plead, I won't.

Passages such as this shine in *The Family* like diverse facets of fierce or quiet resignation, showing how serious a matter Catholicism is to Plante. It involves a belief in the power of prayer that only faith can give, and the knowledge that all love has to be tested through fire, as the uncle's unworthy life is by cancer, to prove itself good and strong. The brothers fumble and grope, take off to distant lands, only to return home to the unity of the family, to the harmony that emanates from rejoicing and toiling together.

To digress on the unraveling of the story would be unfair to a novel that

grows on you with a gentle crescendo of revelations, and it is impossible to give in summary a full idea of the complexity of the seven brothers' souls stuck like swords into Reena's heart: André, the elaborately active painter; Albert, the soldier; Julien, the last born. What makes them tangible is the tie binding them together in Daniel's eyes, which produces the most haunting image in the book: a distant country peopled with serene ghosts, as opposed to the actual one peopled with suffering humans. Daniel is the link between the two worlds; but when Albert brings the family together for the last time, Daniel realizes the inadequacy and selfishness of his vision. It is Albert, the warrior, not the estranged and utopian Daniel, who brings an end to a long chain of misunderstandings and even hatred. He, like Plante, sees home as

a square, simple house, a house created for him in the long lines of a perspective made clear to him by his distance: the house of a man of God, the house of a man honored by his wife and sons, the house of a family which converged . . . in their devotion to God . . . not created of wooden beams, clapboard, and shingle but of long rays of grace. □

Private Lives in the Imperial City
By John Leonard

Knopf, 209 pp., \$8.95

TALENT IS NOT ENOUGH

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

This is a collection of 69 autobiographical sketches that have been published as thousand-word columns from time to time by Mr. Leonard, a junior staff member at *NATIONAL REVIEW* twenty years ago when he was an amiable young man, then the editor of the *New York Times Book Review*, the author of a handful of novels that were not badly received, and now a columnist and daily book reviewer for the *New York Times*.

I mention Mr. Leonard's credentials because they are a matter of record and because they bespeak a significant personal achievement, an achievement all the more interesting because Mr. Leonard is at great pains to pretend that he



is only a simple country boy somehow adrift in the big city with all those tall buildings. Why should he adopt such a pose?

The strange self-image starts with Mr. Leonard's choice of pronoun. In the first twenty or so of these sketches he refers to himself in the second person: "Suppose you are not clever, except at a typewriter. Suppose you are not sensitive, except in the middle of the night a month later. Suppose your generosity is theoretical, your courage wholly literary, your fastball lacking jumping beans, your heartbeat is psoriasis. Suppose, deep down, you suspect that you are dull, and your public works are a form of vengeance. You talk a good poem, and think by numbers. . . . There is no wisdom; there are only punch lines."

In the middle third of this collection, Mr. Leonard switches to the third person and becomes "Dmitri." Finally he becomes bold enough (his courage is wholly literary) to use the first person singular, and it's a breath of fresh air indeed. But why so much pother about simply saying "I"?

IT'S ALL part of the pose. Incompetent, forlorn, undisciplined, alienated, poor Mr. Leonard amuses us with his descriptions of his hellish problems. Giving a gift, receiving a gift, accepting a dinner invitation, spending an afternoon with the children, contriving to make us feel sorry for him because he has bought a four-story townhouse, proud of his son the Latin scholar and his wife who reads *War and Peace*, Mr. Leonard never loses his grip on a good dither. "Discrepancy," "qualm," "Angst," are his favorite words. A log glows in a "fireplace the size of a qualm." At breakfast Dmitri "gnaws a crust of qualm." He descends "from Morning-side Heights, qualm by qualm, to a cab." He thinks: "Honor grows from qualms." He remembers Mort Sahl with "his newspapers and his qualms and his iconoclastic politics."

The suspicion that Mr. Leonard is engaged in a grand con-game with his readers seems to grow when we consider his constant and self-conscious and even self-advertising attempts at verbal chaos. Paragraphs begin with the word "Anyway," a blatant signal that we are being asked to believe that the author hasn't thought about what he has been saying.

Metaphors go crazy: "And it was the idea of giving that they plucked and strummed, like a turkey or a hang-up." "The night seemed filled with their squawks and bleeps, a kind of whale music in the cavities of the teeth." "He ought to be indulging in the elite *Angst* for which he is notorious, but the *Angst* rolls off his natural shoulders and forms a pool at his feet and he is thinking about syllogisms."

The trouble with that kind of word-sliding is that the words themselves don't count. They make noise, they fill the column, they seem to refer to a real world out there somewhere, but they don't tell or explain. This is carny pitchman stuff.

If there were no more in Mr. Leonard than these gimcracks and tawdry, I'd be well pleased to let him go doodling along whilst I averted my gaze. But underneath the old bamboozle there seems to abide a certain sense of the propriety of things. Mr. Leonard would like a great many things in this world to be different from what they are, and he is savvy enough to know that his act of criticism is inchoate until he has cleared away the ground clutter and based it on first principles. He pretends to disdain first principles as "vulgar," but he has learned that he cannot do without them. He has come far enough along to be able to write the word "I," and now it is time for him to look down and see where on earth his feet are planted. That will be good, for then he will put an end to this sequined twaddle and start to talk straight. Then he can relax, having

given up the toilsome business of living a hoax.

Until then, however, he has every reason to dislike the mummer he sees in the mirror. As he says, "Although I keep trying, one of the things I haven't quite been able to give up yet is feeling ashamed of myself." □

FILM

NATTAHNAM

JOHN SIMON

At the round earth's imagin'd corners—or, at any rate, in four theaters throughout this eponymous borough—we can now see Woody Allen's *Manhattan*. This is a bittersweet comedy about Isaac Davis (Woody Allen, in more ways than one), who gives up a lucrative job as a TV comedy writer to undertake a serious novel about life in Manhattan. His best friends are Yale, a Hunter College English prof grinding out a book on Eugene O'Neill, and Yale's wife, Emily. Isaac has been twice divorced, latterly from Jill, who left him for her lesbian girlfriend, Connie. Jill got custody of their son (unlikely!) and, to make matters worse, is bringing out a book with intimate details about their marriage and divorce. Isaac's girlfriend is Tracy, a forthright, unspoiled 17-year-old who, when others boast about their literary lives, answers the question, "And what do you do?" with a disarming "I go to high school."

Isaac is a bit bothered by Tracy's youth, even though she is loving, kind, and (literally) incredibly wise. So when the married Yale pushes Mary Wilke, a suddenly bothersome extracurricular flame, at him, Isaac, though initially repelled by the militantly cerebral ways of this snotty young woman of letters, ends up getting involved with her.

He leaves the heartbroken Tracy for bright and brittle Mary, sophisticated but intensely neurotic and still hankering for Yale. When the latter's virtuous resolve runs out, Mary rushes back to him; Isaac, deeply hurt and furious, races back to Tracy, now 18 and "legal." She is on her way to London to study drama—just what Isaac used to urge her to do. Now he tries everything



to stop her, and if she weren't on the way to the airport and didn't have her parents waiting in London, she might indeed desist. The wise, newly legalized young girl tells the anxious 42-year-old child whom she still loves: "Six months isn't so long. Everybody gets corrupted. You must have a little faith in people."

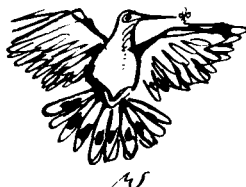
Manhattan is a profoundly and multifariously dishonest picture. It can be read in both directions, as if it were written simultaneously in English and Hebrew. As *Manhattan*, it is the story of a decent little fellow who shakes off TV commercialism, moves into a more modest apartment, and tries to authenticate his life as an artist. His conscience protests against his affair with a minor, his basic honor resents his ex-wife's shenanigans. He disapproves of Mary's pretensions and condescension, her narcissism, her adulterous affair, and her excessive dependence on her shrink: "You don't see anything suspicious when your analyst calls you up at three in the morning and weeps on the telephone?" Nevertheless, he loves and does right by her, only to be double-crossed by both her and his best friend, Yale. Finally, he recognizes—better late than never—what true love is, and the film ends on a sadly sweet note of hope.

Read backward, however—and the continuous flip humor demands that it be read thus—*Nattahman* is all tongue-in-cheek cynicism. Isaac is a bit of a shnook, redeemed only partially by his wisecracks; Mary, though dazzling is also a fool and a sickie; Tracy has previously had three affairs with boys and is, for all her extolled precocious perspicacity, also childishly uncomprehending—as when she comments about aging TV performers with face-lifts, "Why can't they just age naturally?" Jill and Connie are clever, cold women, obviously created during a milk-of-human-kindness strike; Emily is a cipher—of the kind, incidentally, that no true artist would allow in his film.

What remains is a set of sometimes funny one-liners parading in front of a background of Manhattan's most spectacular vistas, most with-it hangouts, and most romantic nooks, to the accompaniment of a score of Gershwin favorites played by two separate but equally symphonic orchestras. Yet even

Manhattan is undercut: when Isaac and Mary row around Central Park Lake, his hand trailing in the water gets caught in a piece of oversized offal.

Look at that closing speech of Tracy's, in response to Isaac's fear that she will lose her innocence and her love for him: "Six months isn't so long." Very sensible. "Everybody gets corrupted." Is that to be taken at face value—truth from an angel: Tracy's kind of corruption would be merely a civilizing old-world polish on her honesty and wisdom? Or as wry irony: even the cherub looks forward to the world, the flesh, and the devil? In which case, her "You must have a little faith in people" (this to Isaac, who has always had too much faith in people) is the final sardonic twist. Or is it?



Or take that Gershwin score in monstrous over-orchestrations by the New York and Buffalo Philharmonics. Is it as grand and romantic as New York, or are we being buffaloes into swallowing overblown pretensions—nice little tunes Mantonian up into a huge crock of mammoth soup? I submit that art does not work like this.

If I invoke art as a criterion, it is because the shy and shrinking Allen insists, in his numerous recent interviews, that his film is serious art and presents a view of Manhattan and its denizens ready for encapsulation in artistic eternity. It is also because the majority of reviewers and audiences has hailed *Manhattan*, even more than *Annie Hall*, as a masterwork, thus allowing Allen to see himself more and more as what some have called him: the American Ingmar Bergman. (Several tributes to Bergman in the film corroborate this.)

Art, to be sure, does not have to provide answers; indeed, the greatest art is probably always ultimately ambiguous, leaving us finally with a question mark. But it also leaves us with insights, epiphanies, a climate of elation in which it is easier to breathe in the perennial problems, more possible to live with them according to our individual lights. *Manhattan*, however, is two-faced rather than ambiguous: both a self-serving exaltation of Allen and his values, and, if one were to challenge them, a perfect set-up for Allen and his collaborator, Marshall Brickman, to

snap back: "You simpleton! Don't you see that it's all satire, all a put-on?"

But is it? When Yale and Mary play a cocktail-party intellectuals' game of smirkingly nominating members for "the Academy of the Overrated"—Mahler, Mailer, Lenny Bruce, Jung, Böll, Fitzgerald, van Gogh, and Bergman are swiftly disposed of—we are clearly to side with Isaac, who makes fun of this nonsense. But later, when Isaac himself dictates to his tape recorder the things that make life worth living—Groucho Marx, Willie Mays, the second movement of the Jupiter Symphony, Louis Armstrong's "Potatohead Blues," Swedish movies, Frank Sinatra, Marlon Brando, apples and pears by Cézanne, the crabs at Sam Wo's, and Tracy's face—we are patently invited to take this absurd hodgepodge seriously. (And what, by the way, is wrong with the other movements of the Jupiter?)

Or is Isaac-Allen also a figure of fun? We are, for instance, constantly told about his successes with women, his good looks, his great amatory technique. This is meant partly in jest, but partly also, I am sure, as truth. After all, a sexy lesbian was moved to marry him, little Tracy adores him (for reasons that are never made remotely clear), and even brainy, beautiful Mary, who "could have had the entire MIT faculty," chooses Isaac over MIT as a cure for Yale.

BUT IF the film and its hero are a joke, why all this self-adulation and Manhattan-boosting? And if the film is a "serious" comedy, why must Isaac, even at the height of his jealous grief and rage, wisecrack with Yale ("You think you're God!") "I've got to model myself after someone!")? Why must even semi-virginal Tracy accept universal corruption? Why must there be ludicrous dung in the enchanted lagoon? Because Allen is insecure, as no true artist is, but as a fellow who wants to be both Groucho Marx (or Woody Allen) and Bergman (or Mozart, or Cézanne's apples and pears) will be. Having it both ways is not having it at all.

On the credit side, we get fine performances by both Mariel Hemingway (Tracy) and Meryl Streep (Jill), and spectacular black-and-white cinematography from Gordon Willis. On the debit side, there are also the other performances, especially those of Diane

Keaton, who, as Mary, is yet again not acting but mugging and blithering; and Michael Murphy, who, as Yale, is even more nondescript than his part. But don't get me wrong: *I am not ambivalent*. *Manhattan* and *Nattahnam* are bad movies both. □

DELECTATIONS

THE PRINTED FEAST

NIKA HAZELTON

Recently, I've come across two cookbooks and a wine book that are as entertaining as they are useful. Arthur Schwartz, the talented food editor of the *New York Daily News*, has solved the predicament many of us suffer from: how to cook in a small space. *Cooking in a Small Kitchen* (Little, Brown, \$8.95) goes through the whole bit—"Equipment and Logistics," "Soups," "Pasta," "Salads and Raw Foods," "One-Pot Dinners," "Skillet Cooking," "Broiling and Roasting," "Dinners for Two," "Dinners for Four," "Brunches and Breakfasts," "Feeding a Crowd: Party Food," and "Desserts."

Chapters and recipes are properly introduced, and you are told what you will need to know if you are not (and even if you are) a practiced cook. For example, in the case of a sautéed chicken that has been put on a large platter while the cook is making the sauce, the author says: "To reserve your counter space for more necessary functions (remember, we are in a small kitchen) like chopping a vegetable or putting down a spoon, place this platter right on top of the stove near the pan you're working in or keep it in the off or very low oven." This may seem obvious, but I have tested the problem in my own small kitchen, and people invariably put the platter on the limited counter space.

The recipes are international in character, and so varied that I have cooked from this book alone for several weeks. This happens rarely; usually, you are happy when you get five or six suitable recipes (suitable for yourself) from any but a standard cookbook.

Alfredo Viazzi is the superb and

amusing (and good-looking) restaurateur in New York's Greenwich Village whose Trattoria da Alfredo and Tavola Calda da Alfredo are the places where Jim Beard and other American food luminaries take visiting French food luminaries like Troisgros and Bocuse. Alfredo's restaurants are small, but they have achieved international renown; Alfredo serves both classical Italian dishes and his own variations on same—he is an absolutely brilliant cook. His new book, *Alfredo Viazzi's Italian Cooking: More than 150 Inspired Interpretations of Great Italian Cuisine* (Random House, \$10), is a marvelous compendium of everybody's favorites, a book that you *must* have if you like Italian food, all the more because it makes the current favorites unimportant. Italian myself, and an Italian cookbook writer at that, I cook exclusively from Alfredo. Besides, the book has been very handsomely designed and illustrated by Milton Glaser, as eminent in his profession as Alfredo is in his.

The wine book is *Alexis Lichine's Guide to the Wines and Vineyards of France* (Knopf, \$15), the follow-up to the same author's *Wines of France*, which has gone through five editions in thirty years. Mr. Lichine is also the author of the celebrated and indispensable *Encyclopedia of Wines and Spirits*, and more: he is a wine grower and merchant, owner of Château Prieuré-Lichine in the Medoc, and former co-owner of Château Lascombes and three vineyards in Burgundy: he has been a

leading wine shipper and is now a wine consultant. He is as well known in Europe as he is here among people interested in wine. One might even say that he is a Public Monument to the knowledge of wines.

His new book is needed, because there have been many changes in the French wine industry, in terms of procedures followed in the vineyards and the caves, and in the merchandising of the wines. Lichine's *Guide* tells us about the wines of France, with maps and detailed information on grapes, vineyard locations, production methods, vintages, etc. It is all the more useful for the full information it provides on the 1978 vintage. To make the book handier still, Mr. Lichine addresses himself to wine tourists (wine tourism is now a favorite outdoor sport) and gives them a list of recommended hotels and restaurants in France's wine districts, with his own comments. What's more, the book is easy and entertaining to read; I admire Mr. Lichine for being able to make solid information so accessible.

Enthusiasts will obviously want all of these books. Meanwhile, for people who are indifferent to cookbooks and wine guides but must have a few, these are the three to own. □

The GIMLET EYE

KATE MILLETT

D KEITH MANO

Nude, Kate Millett would still seem in disguise. The eyeglass frames are port-hole dense. Much long hair, shot with grey, will swish around to mutton-chop her face. You get the impression, mostly, of ownerless teeth—as faces look when seen upside-down: too mouth-important. A footlocker body: something that should be palletized for easy handling. Like a Muppet on its way to menopause, in fact: one of those shaggy, earnest monsters that nod—uh-yup, uh-yup—all the time. And maybe there's a dexterous hand working inside.

Kate Millett, of course, is gay. Just so, Jacob Javits and Lowell Weicker are Republican. Oh, Kate may have booked passage on one or four or 44

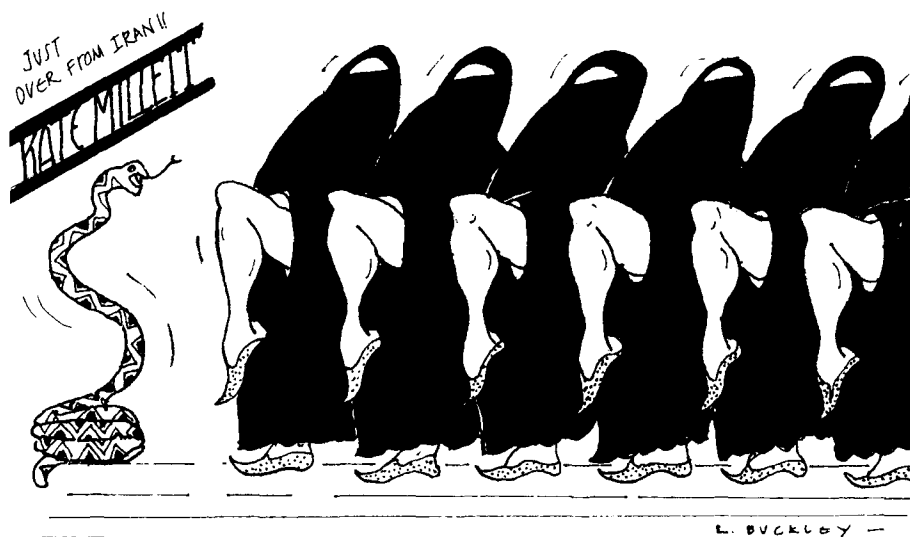


Sapphic relationships: it doesn't matter much. My pheromone-sensitive nose tells me that lesbianism, for Kate Millett is an idea, an adjunct to style, a photo caption, a mail-order degree. Her inclinations (or reclinations) are most likely listless, mimeographed: fern-passionate. (*Sexual Politics*; political sexuality.) Which is why, I guess, she flew to Iran for her expensive cheap thrills.

"I saw women in danger. In actual physical danger for the first time." Her audience at Judson Memorial Church (where leftist sycophancy has become an extra beatitude) will purr with lend-lease fear. "I think there are times when we're fighting the ERA battle for the 700,000th time and the hundredth year. You think. Why? But in Iran I forgot about being fed up. In Iran you're in demonstrations where you don't know if you'll live through the afternoon or not." We're overdue for a female counterpart of "macho." How about, um, *hembro*, in crooklegged Spanish? Kate Millett sweats *hembrismo* all over herself.

FOR WOMEN Iran has been more a revolve than a revolution. They wore chadors (veils) while rioting against the Shah. It was an apt emblem. (In 1930 or so, old Reza Shah Pahlevi had ungallantly yanked chadors off.) It was also good masking in a head-to-veil confrontation. Then the cranky Ayatollah came back: wham, it was curtains for women again. Now they *had* to wear a chador; and the feminist movement lost face. "Women made an insurrection to gain their own freedom. The Shah was a brute—only Hitler can bear comparison. [Poor Hitler, such epigones he has.] But now they're forced to wear a symbol of sexual invisibility. Why should they have to say, 'We're worse off than before?'" Tough, Kate, but that's what happens when you play loose with revolution. Actually, I think the chador is a great idea: for men and women. I would never have to shave. Media idols would idle away. (I mean, imagine John Travolta in a veil.) Some pride and more make-up would be conserved. And no one could say of a woman: Ech, she's just another pretty chador.

But Kate can think large: a regular Gutzon Borglum of the intellect. She wants international feminism. (She blew American feminism with her tin lezze



stance.) Yes, the sisterhood of man: an idea whose time came, then went with Woodrow Wilson's nervous cave-in. "Women and boundaries. Women and nations. Oh, what a drag, what a stone around the neck of humanity governments are. We have fewer women in government than probably any country in the world. [This insane remark after one full hour on Iranian repression. There are, I now presume, Ella Grassos in Teheran. When you listen to a peerless cretin like Millett, anything at all will sound plausible. Ork. Piltown Man. Cockfights in a Christian Science Reading Room.] Religious rule and nationalism and tribe. International feminism could become a huge force against the most pervasive institution of oppression: patriarchy. Women must fight for socialism, for human freedom, for ecological sanity. Against war." Thanks, but I'd rather have Khomeini flog me for chugging a bourbon and soda.

International feminism: ludicrous: you might as well try and hang your laundry on the Greenwich Meridian. Right off, Comrade Millett runs into a stiff headwind from Fatime Kahlil (Kalil?). And who is Fatime Kalil (Kahlil?)? Far as I can judge, she's a smile-less young Islamic woman (Turkish) who has leased herself out to the Trotskyite Spartacist League (which is, in some tenebrous way, part of Millett's guest appearance). "We respect Kate Millett. But we differ from her and from feminists in general." Fatime is all liberation: the best of the West: jeans and Marlboros and Budweiser (chadored in a paper bag). "The struggle, as we see it, is not between woman and man. But between class

and class." That's the beauty of a Kate Millett: she can make even Communists appear logical. At least they know that government is unavoidable. Fine, they'd like to see Khomeini take a Brody from the nearest minaret, but they don't want his Ayatollahship replaced by some mad morris dance of worldwide womanhood. Kate is firm, though. Yes, a lot of her best friends are socialist, but . . . "But frankly I think the progress made by women has been made by women. I've marched for you. I didn't see you marching for me."

A man has risen. "The ideal that you speak of, we can be sympathetic to—but the means . . . You went over there and disturbed an order. And you got out. And you got into *People* magazine, Ms. Millett. You went to Iran with a purpose—and that purpose was ego. The veil issue is phony. Every woman in this room has a veil on. Look, you're all wearing jeans. You all have a uniform, and it's a uniform designed to reduce women as sex objects."

Shouting down. Raspberries loud enough to blow lipstick off. My tape recorder will peak in retrospect. Four lesbian SS women have moved toward him. Each has a large key ring: do lesbians moonlight as building superintendents? They jangle: they hip him aside. For one perky moment I think clouts will be exchanged. But he does not retaliate: men haven't that sexual right.

Still, he's bang on. Funny how a leftist has license—has obligation even—to interfere in the domesticity of another nation. While wearing chadors by Levi. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MEETINGS WITH PASTERNAK, by Aleksandr Gladkov (Harcourt Brace, 223 pp., \$8.95). This book is, as its title implies, not a biography, but a Boswellian account of conversations between the two writers, beginning in the early days of the Second World War. Pasternak was just past fifty at the time, and he had not even begun to work seriously on the novel on which (in the West, at least) his reputation now rests. Pasternak in those early days still had a curious sort of naïveté—not, heaven knows, about the nature of the Soviet regime, but about the ubiquitous Socialist Realist cant which, to everyone else's hilarity and his own intense embarrassment, he often found himself treating as if it could be argued with rationally. Since *Meetings with Pasternak* was not written for a Western audience (it was originally published in *Samizdat*), some of what Gladkov says is a bit hard to follow on its own; fortunately, the excellent introduction and notes by Max Hayward, the translator, do much to put it in context and Pasternak in perspective. Westerners tend to think of Pasternak principally in terms of his last years, in the Khrushchev period. This memoir, dealing mainly with earlier years, shows us something of the bizarre relationship between Pasternak and Stalin; Stalin apparently held the poet in a sort of superstitious awe, which saved Pasternak from Mandelstam's fate no matter how outspoken he was. For Pasternak was, in a sense, his generation's Solzhenitsyn ("Everything changes under our zodiac, only Pasternak remains Pasternak," as the saying went in the Thirties). And the differences between them say a lot about the changes that have taken place in the Soviet Union. In a quiet, understated way, Gladkov explains how Stalin himself helped to create the open dissident movement that has plagued his successors: "It seemed inconceivable [after the War was over] that everything would not soon be cleared up in some way and a normal state of affairs restored. Reason found it hard to accept that such an arbitrary method of rule could settle down as a system. As in previous years, every manifestation of it was still seen as a misunderstanding or as a ghastly accident of some kind." As long as it seemed possible to believe that, most Soviet intellectuals were willing just to work along as best they could; but hope after hope was dashed. They looked for a relaxation after Stalin had consolidated his power; and none came. They looked for one as soon as the dislocation caused by the War had been sorted out; and none came. They looked for one after Stalin's death; and one appeared to come, and then was

brought to a sharp end. And when that happened, they ceased to hope and started to fight.

LINDA BRIDGES

BUSHWACK, by Richard S. Wheeler (Doubleday, 185 pp., \$7.95). If *Bushwack* were a movie, John Wayne would play the male lead, John Ford would direct, and Jane Fonda would star as the tough-as-a-man-but-still-feminine frontier woman. In this novel the men are tough, the women are tougher, and together they battle cattle rustlers until they can ride off into the sunset. *Bushwack* is not *War and Peace*; it is not intended to be. It is a melodrama of the old (1883) American West, an adventure story in the tradition of Jack London's Alaska stories. Wheeler's narration is engaging enough, his prose taut if unimaginative, his plot fast-paced if too predictable. There is plenty of local color. The principal villain, Preacher, is drawn well as a Bible-quoting, exploiting wretch; but the other characters, though lovable in their Homeric virtue or despicable as devilish manipulators, seem sent for the most part from central casting. Actually, it is unfair to compare *Bushwack* to current cinema. Mr. Wheeler writes clearly, plots action scenes with skill, and has a laudable sense of values. Rated as pure, if simple, entertainment, *Bushwack* is far, far better than the latest Altman or Stigwood. PAUL GIGOT

STRATEGY FOR DEFEAT, by Admiral U. S. G. Sharp (Presidio, 271 pp., \$8.95). During the American phase of the Indochina wars, military responsibility was divided between the military command in Saigon (MACV), which ran the ground war in South Vietnam, and the U.S. Pacific Command in Honolulu, which ran the air war against North Vietnam. General Westmoreland, Commander in Saigon, wrote his account in a book entitled *A Soldier Reports* (reviewed in *NR*, June 11, 1976). Now Admiral Sharp, Commander-in-Chief Pacific from 1964 to 1968, has published his report on the air war against North Vietnam. To the question, "How did we

fail?" the Admiral answers: "We were never allowed to move decisively with our tremendous air and naval power." An oversimplification; but judge the book against the Admiral's own frank statement of his limited terms of reference: "I have consciously chosen not to discuss . . . the strategic or tactical direction of the ground forces in South Vietnam," which, he says elsewhere, he left to General Westmoreland. That being understood, the book serves as a valuable account of one aspect of the war from the vantage point of the commander of the aerial campaign. It provides a frightening insight into the frustrations of waging war to achieve objectives which were not just limited but imprecisely defined; this entailed adopting military means which were subject to daily and sometimes capricious oscillation according to a political rhythm in Washington which had little to do with the situation in Indochina. One recurring theme in Washington was an obsession with "saving Hanoi's face" for a chimerical withdrawal, whether negotiated or unilateral. Not surprisingly, the Admiral heaps copious blame on the civilian political leadership; but he does allow that military leaders could have been more vigorous in pressing their views. That is perhaps putting it mildly. There is a relevant prescription in the words of Napoleon, which General Westmoreland kept under the glass of his desk in Saigon: "A commander-in-chief cannot take as an excuse for his mistakes in warfare an order given by his sovereign or his minister, when the person giving the order is absent from the field of operations and is . . . unaware of the latest state of affairs. It follows that any commander-in-chief who undertakes to carry out a plan which he considers defective is at fault; he must put forward his reasons, insist on the plan's being changed, and finally tender his resignation rather than be the instrument of his army's downfall." No senior military commander during the Vietnam War resigned in open protest over the official strategy being followed.

NORMAN B. HANNAH



Dark Horses



M. STANTON EVANS

UNDER THE leadership of President John A. Howard, Rockford College of Illinois became a symbol of educational independence, resisting the lure of federal aid and going against the tide of liberal orthodoxy in the classroom. Now Dr. Howard (who relinquished the presidency in 1977) is working to bring additional luster to the Rockford name by developing the Rockford College Institute. The Institute's field of specialization is the complex of religious, moral and cultural ideas that undergird the free society. While strongly affirming the economic superiority of free enterprise, Howard and his colleagues at RCI believe that only if the ethical basis of the system is properly understood—and defended—does it stand a practical chance of survival.

This belief is the guiding principle of *Corporate Responsibility*, a collection of essay-speeches reviewing the onslaught of the so-called counterculture against the values and procedures of American business (Rockford College Institute, 5050 East State Street, Rockford, Ill. 61101; \$1.50). Contributors to this symposium, in addition to Howard and RCI associate director Leopold Tyman, are Professor Yale Brozen of the University of Chicago, Admiral William C. Mott of the National Legal Center for the Public Interest, syndicated columnist Jeffrey St. John, and Professor Barbara Sheffield of the University of Buckingham, England.

The common theme of the contributors is that phrases such as "corporate responsibility" and "public interest" are buzz-words connoting an effort to replace the volitional judgments of the market with coercive arrangements imposed on business (and consumers) by the state. The authors skewer the fallacious assumptions of this crusade as it is manifested in the continuing warfar against profits, the vapidities of Ralph Nader, the demand for quotas, and the like.

Similar problems are traversed—and similar conclusions arrived at—by Pro-

fessor Harold Demsetz of UCLA in *Social Responsibility in the Enterprise Economy* (Hoover Institution, Stanford, Calif. 94305; \$1). In this monograph, reprinted from the *Southwestern Law Review*, Demsetz argues that the usual criticisms of corporate activity rest on a firm foundation of economic ignorance. In particular, he notes, opponents of the business system seem blithely unaware of the fact that every alleged benefit conferred by government has its associated cost, and that only as the second is balanced against the first can the worth of the intervention be assessed.

Along with this ignorance of cost-benefit ratios, Demsetz adds, there is an abysmal lack of awareness concerning the nature of the pricing system. The compound result of these two species of economic innocence is to generate troubles instead of curing them, by imposing costs that dry up incentives and bilk consumers, disrupting the mechanism that adjusts supply and demand, and creating chronic problems of surplus or shortage, according to the nature of the regulation.

EXHIBIT A in this respect is the energy crisis, where government culpability for our recent miseries is obvious and complete. Such is the thesis of Professor J. Clayburn La Force, also of UCLA, in *The Energy Crisis: The Moral Equivalent of Bamboozle* (Green Hill Publishers, P.O. Box 738, Ottawa, Ill. 61350; 95c). La Force shows that the basic difficulty in the energy muddle is the imposition of price controls, an intrusion that has led in turn to a morass of other interventions, including a multi-tier pricing system, "entitlements" to cheaper oil, a complex allocation machinery, attempts to force conversion to coal, controls on automobiles, etc. All of this has happened, La Force demonstrates, because the federal regulators have been substituting political procedures for economic ones. As domestic oil production continues to decline, unfortunately, the only long-term winners are the Arab oil sheiks. □



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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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[James E.] TALBERT:

On the Apostate Teachers

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(Actual title is *The Influence of Apostate Teachers*.)

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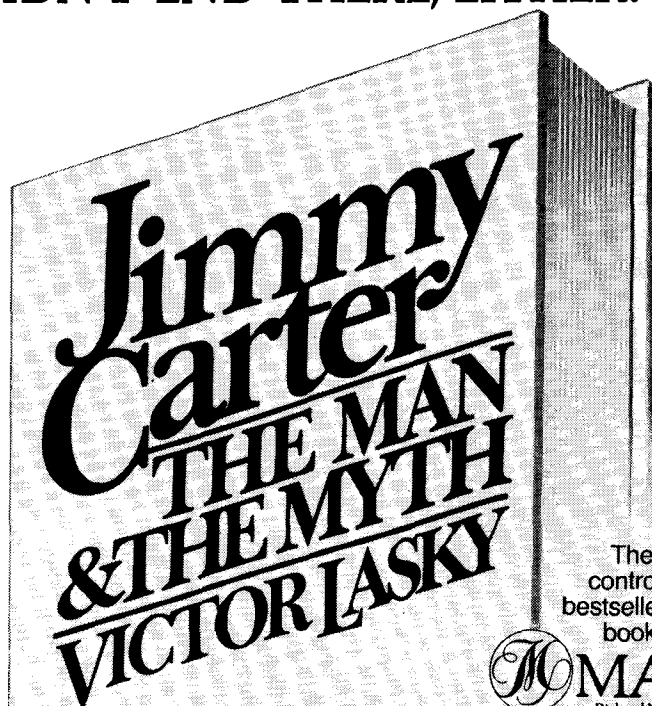
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Kudos for Nkomo

On The Right

New York, June 2—From the citation as read by President Hugh Gloster of Morehouse College, Atlanta, on May 20, 1979 accompanying an honorary doctor of laws degree for Joshua Nkomo:

"Joshua Nkomo, determined defender of the rights of man and leader of black Rhodesians from racial subservience to majority rule. In 1975 you demanded black majority rule 'now and not tomorrow' and warned that 'armed struggle will be inevitable' if that goal is not attained. Since the Ian Smith regime proved intractable, you and Robert Mugabe organized the Patriotic Front to conduct guerrilla warfare against the government."

Comment: The Ian Smith regime did not prove intractable. It wrote a new constitution, held general elections at which 64 per cent of the Rhodesians voted for a government headed by a black Rhodesian and a parliament dominated by black Rhodesians with however special protections extended to the white minority. Notwithstanding Smith's capitulation, Nkomo continues his guerrilla war, hand in hand with an avowed Marxist, both men commanding terrorist groups that torture and kill civilians.

"In the Rhodesian election last month Bishop Abel Muzorewa was chosen as the nation's first black prime minister; but you have rejected this government because whites who constitute only 3 per cent of the voters will own 28 of the one hundred seats in the House of Assembly for ten years and will control the police, the judiciary, the civil service, and the armed forces for five years. You are resolved to free the seven million blacks of your country from the domination of 240,000 whites."

Comment: Twenty-eight out of one hundred seats does not constitute control.

"Although you have been jailed and exiled for 12 years of your life because of your tireless quest for freedom, you have refused to hate your oppressors; and you have described Ian Smith your arch-enemy through the years as a 'misguided human being, a flawed specimen,' rather than a hated enemy."

Comment: August 1977 *Time* magazine interview with Nkomo: "Smith is a rebel, and they should do what they did in America: line the rebels up against the wall and shoot them."

"Because of your consistent championship of civil rights throughout Africa . . ."

Comment: Here are some African countries whose civil and political liberties earned them the rating "Not Free" by Freedom House as of 1978, i.e., with a rating identical to that of the Soviet Union: Benin, Burundi, Cameroon, Central African Empire, Chad, Congo Republic, Gabon, Guinea, Ivory Coast, Libya, Malawi, Mali, Mauritania, Mozambique, Niger, Rwanda, Somalia, Sudan, Tanzania, Togo, Tunisia, Uganda, Zaire. Dr. Nkomo has never criticized the governments of any of these countries for denying freedom to their people.

" . . . and your determined campaign for majority rule in your native land . . ."

Comment: Majority rule in Rhodesia has been accomplished. Nkomo is engaged in civil war against the majority's constitution.

" . . . I hereby confer upon you the honorary degree of doctor of laws . . ."

Nkomo, June 1977: "What we want is not resolution, but bundles of guns."

Nkomo, July 1977: "We are fighting for power in Rhodesia, and we are not going to hand that power over to anybody else."

Nkomo, July 1977: "Whatever we get

will not be a peaceful settlement but one which comes out of war."

Nkomo, July 1977: "Independence cannot be achieved through negotiation. The only solution is armed struggle."

"After contemplation, I conclude that this [Nobel] award which I receive on behalf of the Movement is a profound recognition that nonviolence is the answer to the crucial political and racial questions of our time—the need for man to overcome oppression without resorting to violence." The Reverend Martin Luther King Jr., Stockholm 1964: Morehouse College, Class of 1948. □

GALBRAITH VERSUS CITICORP

New York, June 4—
I have been made privy, not by initiative of any of the prin-

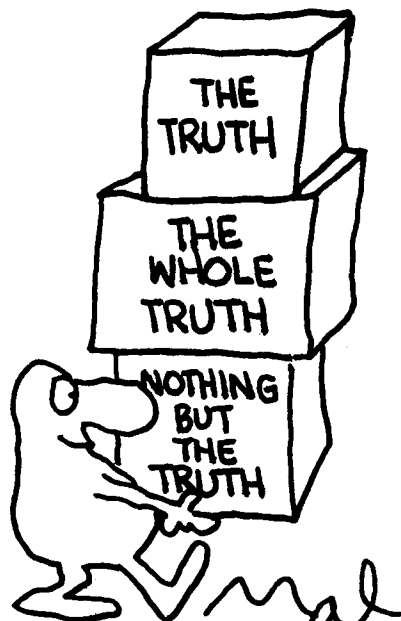
cipals, to an exhilarating exchange of correspondence, and I drop my concerns with atomic war, death by radiation, Gulag, and Teddy Kennedy, to let you in on it.

SYNOPSIS: Citicorp, the large national bank, elects a new director, namely William E. Simon, Secretary of the Treasury under President Ford, author of *A Time for Truth*, and one of the nation's most eloquent and penetrating defenders of human freedom.

PLAYERS: John Kenneth Galbraith, professor-emeritus at Harvard, unquestionably the most influential socialist in the Western world and the most eloquent and resourceful advocate of that social disease.

Walter B. Wriston, chairman of Citicorp, who throughout his career has been more than merely a commercial executive—he has defended the broader context in which economic freedom operates.

Now, in his famous book, William Simon posed a question that has occurred to a lot of us over a number of years, namely: What reason is there for those who believe in human freedom as practiced in the private sector to contribute to institutions substantially devoted to propagating socialism? I mean, Republicans don't, as a rule, contribute to the Democratic Party; Zionists don't, as a rule, contribute to the PLO, never mind any abstract commitment to political freedom. If (to use a historical example) the overwhelming major-



ity of the faculty of Princeton University declared itself for McGovern for President, and if sensitive students of the academic curriculum conclude that reading lists and classroom instruction concert to superordinate collectivist values over individual liberty—is it reasonable to expect contributions to Princeton from men devoted to the vitality of the private sector? No, says William Simon.

Well, Professor Galbraith had a bright idea. He would turn the argument around and use it against Citicorp, in punishment for electing Simon as a director! Accordingly, he addressed Mr. Wriston a letter which was transmitted by the U.S. Postal Service notwithstanding its formal commitment to refuse to carry blackmail.

Mr. Galbraith, with customary semantic ingenuity, characterized the position of Simon as follows: "[Mr. Simon] has called for philanthropic boycotts by corporations and others of educational institutions employing people with views of which he disapproves."

That is an unfriendly way to say that Mr. Simon believes that the Chamber of Commerce shouldn't be expected to sustain the Fabian Society; but let it pass.

"In reverse, as you will I believe agree the same principle applies to a corporation with which Mr. Simon is so responsibly associated. The possible effect on depositors, borrowers, and other clients could be considerable, for the number of liberals and public workers whom Mr. Simon condemns is, by his own admission, extremely large. And they are, in my experience, disposed to stalwart belief and response."

I UNDERTAKE to render this in plain English. What Mr. Galbraith is saying is: If Citicorp elects as one of its directors someone who believes free enterprisers should boycott socialist institutions, socialists can hit back and do the same thing—i.e., boycott Citicorp. "No one," Professor Galbraith, who did not major in logic, writes, "can object to the same action as a response. Indeed, it is the only appropriate remedy."

A few comments:

1. A depositor who patronizes Citicorp does so with exclusive concern for his self-interest. I.e., he goes to Citicorp rather than, say, to Chase or Manufacturers Hanover, because he believes Citicorp will give him better service. If, as Mr. Galbraith suggests, depositors and philanthropists are governed by identical impulses, then Mr. Galbraith has in fact reinforced Mr. Simon's argument: namely that depositors in the future of American freedom should deposit their philanthropy in those institutions most conspicuously engaged in furthering that interest.

2. The notion that "no one can object" to a retaliatory boycott suggests that re-

cipients of largesse are entitled to punish those who decide to deploy that largesse elsewhere. This would appear to say, for instance, that the Boy Scouts of America should boycott Ford Motor Company because the Ford Foundation doesn't give money to the Boy Scouts. This would suggest a boycott of public television for financing and distributing Professor Galbraith's recent television series advertising the joys of socialism.

3. In fact, Mr. Wriston handled the problem very nicely by writing to Mr. Galbraith: "You close your letter by saying you are 'putting this in [my] hands for appropriate action,' but I am not sure what if any action is required other than to suggest that Mr. Simon change his views, which is about as likely as having you adopt Mr. Simon's views." Citicorp, we observe (as non-depositors) is well managed. □

WHY NOT MOYNIHAN?

New York, June 8—

Mr. Michael Novak, the distinguished sociologist and journalist, has publicly suggested that Daniel Patrick Moynihan run for President in 1980. Mr. Novak, who writes eloquently on every subject but specially so on ethnic nostalgia, is nostalgic about the Democratic Party. He wants desperately to continue to vote for it, but is having problems. It is on the order of being very bright, and having, out of a respect for tradition, to act dumb. Very hard.

Surveying the political scene, Mr. Novak—and here he speaks for millions of Democrats—is dissatisfied, indeed alarmed, by the foreign policy of Jimmy Carter. And the dread alternative, a candidacy of Ted Kennedy, would be enough to drive Mr. Novak into the arms of Ronald Reagan, where he thinks he would be uncomfortable, though I am myself confident they would soon find themselves mutually endearing.

Well, why shouldn't Moynihan run? When traditions in American politics change, they tend to do so with great intervals for corollary readjustments. The big political development in postwar American politics is the ascendancy of the presidential primary. Twenty years ago it would have been unthinkable to question the renomination of a sitting President. And, of course, there are still considerable inertial advantages available to the incumbent, as we saw the other day when the chairman of the Democratic Party publicly chastised the five congressmen who sowed a draft-Kennedy movement from which the Republican Party might indeed reap a whirlwind.

But all the king's horses are less powerful than the voters of New Hampshire. They have merely to say it unambiguously

—that they don't want Carter—and the identical people who are clamoring for party loyalty, will clamor for Carter to step down.

Now should that happen, there will be a single presence in the room, namely, Senator Kennedy. He is the Prince of Wales, and Senator Moynihan himself publicly acknowledged the other day that Carter appears to be ruling only by sufferance of Mr. Kennedy. The press has been trained, so to speak, to give Senator Kennedy equal time. It's a lot more fun journalistically. Moreover, it is hard to find any American who either takes seriously a politician's pledge not to run for a particular office, or is angered by that politician's going on to do so. If General Sherman said today what he made famous, it would be interpreted as an announcement that he was running for President. Thus one can expect more, not less, attention to Kennedy as the months go by and as the ratings of Mr. Carter idle about in the doldrums.

Now Senator Moynihan is the outstanding representative of the Democratic right. His credentials are in perfect order. He believes in everything the New Deal instituted, but inherits also a pragmatic intelligence that, for instance, led him to renounce his own family assistance plan.

IN FOREIGN POLICY, he is an aggressive globalist. He understands that what happens everywhere in the world deeply concerns us prospectively. Yet he is not the Wilsonian who would send the marines to bring democracy to Montezuma. He is in the tradition of Dean Acheson, Harry Truman, and, albeit ambiguously, FDR.

What is especially refreshing is that he is one of the truly brilliant, and *lucidly* brilliant, thinkers around. He is intensely patriotic, in the non-chauvinist sense of the word, deeply committed to American pluralism, and the most readable writer in the Senate. His address before the Staten Island Federation of Catholic School Parents in Staten Island on May 7 is a model of toughness, tact, and instruction, on the vexed issue of aid to non-public schools.

Those of us who intend to vote for a Republican President have, perhaps, little business counseling Democrats on whom to nominate. But Democrats have never hesitated to instruct Republicans in the matter, so now perhaps is the time to return the favor. Senator Moynihan should at the very least announce that in the event Mr. Carter does not run for re-election, he Moynihan will campaign very hard for the nomination and will arrive at the convention as favorite son of the State of New York. It is the very least he can do for his party, and for our shared concern for all the little Novaks of the land. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

DEFINITIONS

A. You might catch this if you bus amiss

1 9 21 40 170 64 121 159 162 177
183 197 205

B. What two former students at South Carolina University might do at the zero hour

33 56 200 13 41 66 83 90

C. Negroes, Chinese, and Caucasians have voted against busing in these

52 141 62 164 49 191 45 15 132

D. An Indian prince who doesn't live in a tepee

80 102 186 125 114

E. This annoyance has a palindromic first half

91 145 192 28 98 128 73 133

F. What Holmes told Watson was coming to England (*His Last Bow*)

93 166 18 138 86 34 82 182

G. What you do after gaining (or losing) weight

116 50 70 77 19

H. A humor during the Middle Ages

150 48 68 89 105 110 174 181 204 53

I. How a backward Shakespeare might have addressed the creator of Uncle Remus

8 11 17 44 51 63

J. Nothing divided by two (it's really something!)

180 118 29 176 126 136 3

K. A popular fad you can live with

189 35 87 20 195 169 39

L. What Sir Lancelot might have worn in bed

14 148 58 99 36 104 88 156 127

M. A hymn that opens many church services

107 157 140 202 25 55 94 2

N. What you'll be charged with if you miss the school bus

124 4 178 30 59 198 26

O. What the K. K. K. was (but not certain merry men)

47 203 61 97 16 27

P. One of Longfellow's daughters

131 22 153 190 201

Q. Place in Nigeria to which certain people ought to be transported

161 75 60 111 23

R. What neither Lady Macbeth nor her dog were

175 146 119 31 106 101 154 109 168

S. Pacific island where a battle was fought during World War II

199 43 69 32 5 108

T. A minute part of a watch

12 172 115 151 76 134 95 6 38

U. To permeate

57 165 24 187 79

V. A deity I never expect to see

67 173 188 113 194 167 155

W. A large organization that might believe busing is good for the country

171 37 54 71 92 100 196 65 72 78
81 123 129

X. One who was too adventurous might get this on his body

179 139 149 84

Y. What a lady sheep might drink from

42 117 85 96

Z. Covered with turfs

103 185 7 130 120 137

a. Wrongful

144 10 74 158 142 46

b. Joined in knitting

152 112 143 193 122 163

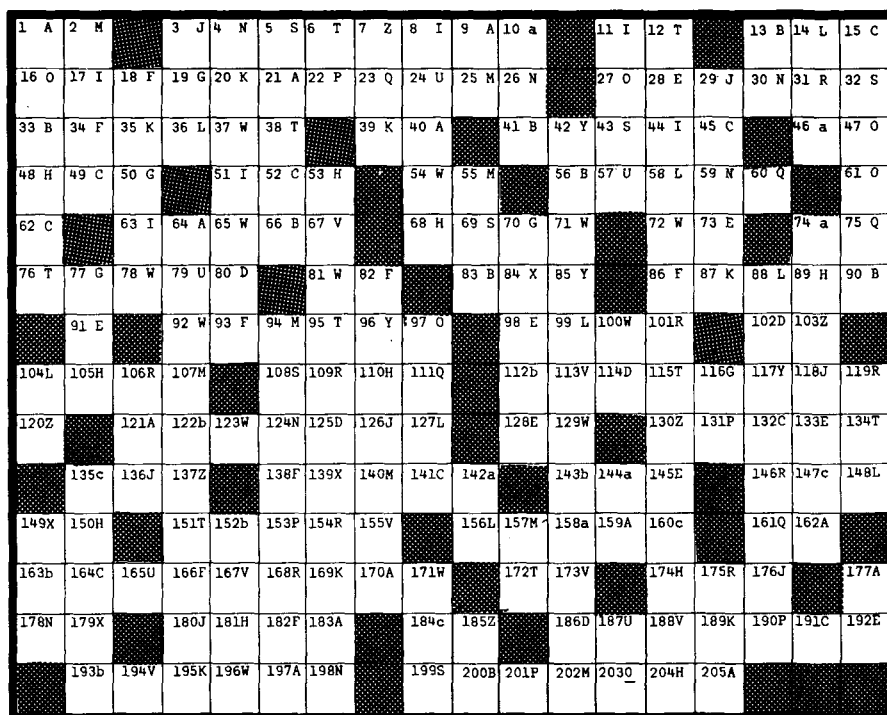
c. This creature could not truthfully recite "I could a tale unfold . . ."

184 147 135 160

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 824 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.





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17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '78

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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